SYNOPSIS MUSICÆ
OR
The Musical Inventory

107
1873

Being a Collection of the choicest and newest Ayres, Jiggs, Borees, Alemands, Gavots, Entries, Round O's Horn-pipes, Trumpet Tunes and *Scotch* Tunes, for the Recorder or Flute. To which are added several new Songs and Catches Compos'd by the most able Masters.

LONDON

Engraven, Printed and sold by *Tho. Cross* in Three Horse-Shoe Court in Pye Corner near West *Smithfield*, and are to be sold by Mr. *Crouch* at the Three Lutes in Princes Street nere *Covent Garden* and by Mr. *Man* Book-seller at the Heart and Bible in *Cornhill* near the Royal Exchange. 1693.

SYNOPSIS MUSICÆ
OR
The Musical Inventory

Being a Collection of the choicest and newest Ayres, Jigs, Borees, Alemands, Gavots, Entries, Round O's Hornpipes, Tumpet Tunes and Scotch Tunes for the Recorder or Flute. To which are added several new Songs and Catches Compos'd by the most able Matters.

309156
23

LONDON

Engraven, Printed and Sold by Tho. Cross in Three Tuns Shoe Court in Pye Corner near West Smithfield, and are to be sold [illegible] at the Three Lutes in Princes Street nere Covent Garden and by M. Man Book Taller at the Heart and Bible in Cornhill nearth [illegible] Exchange [illegible]

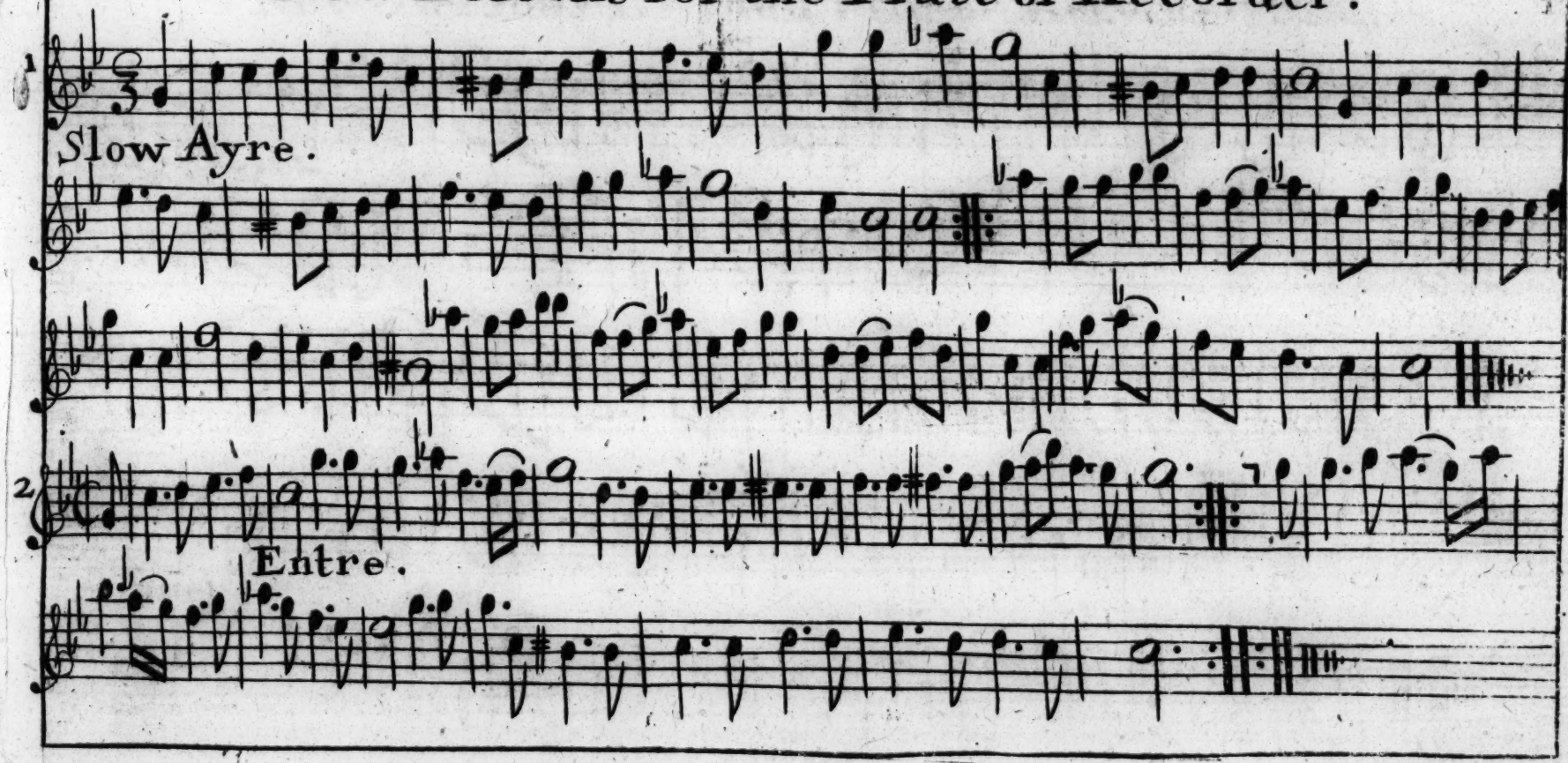
M1490
.S93
case

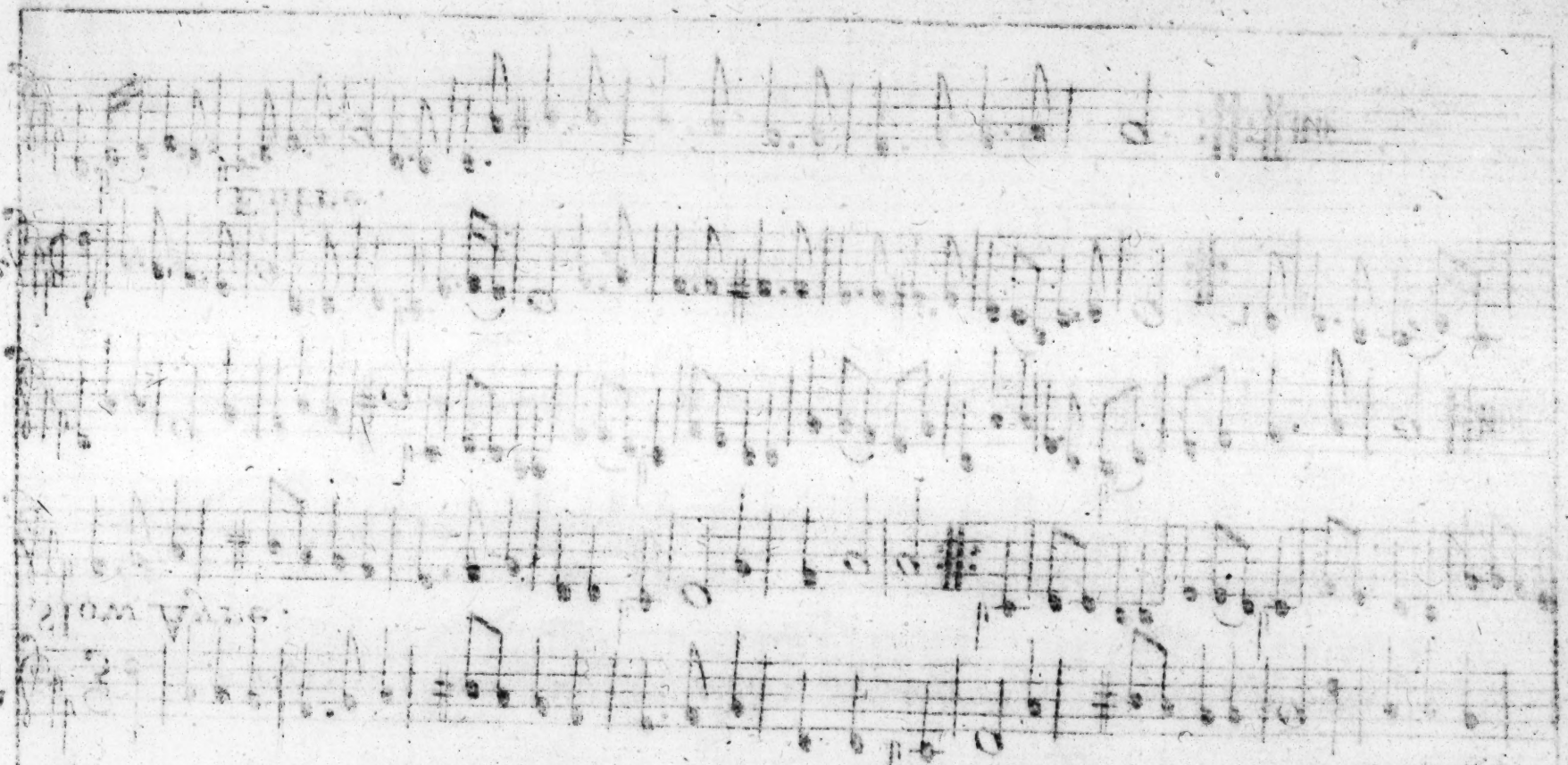
To all true Lovers of Muſick.

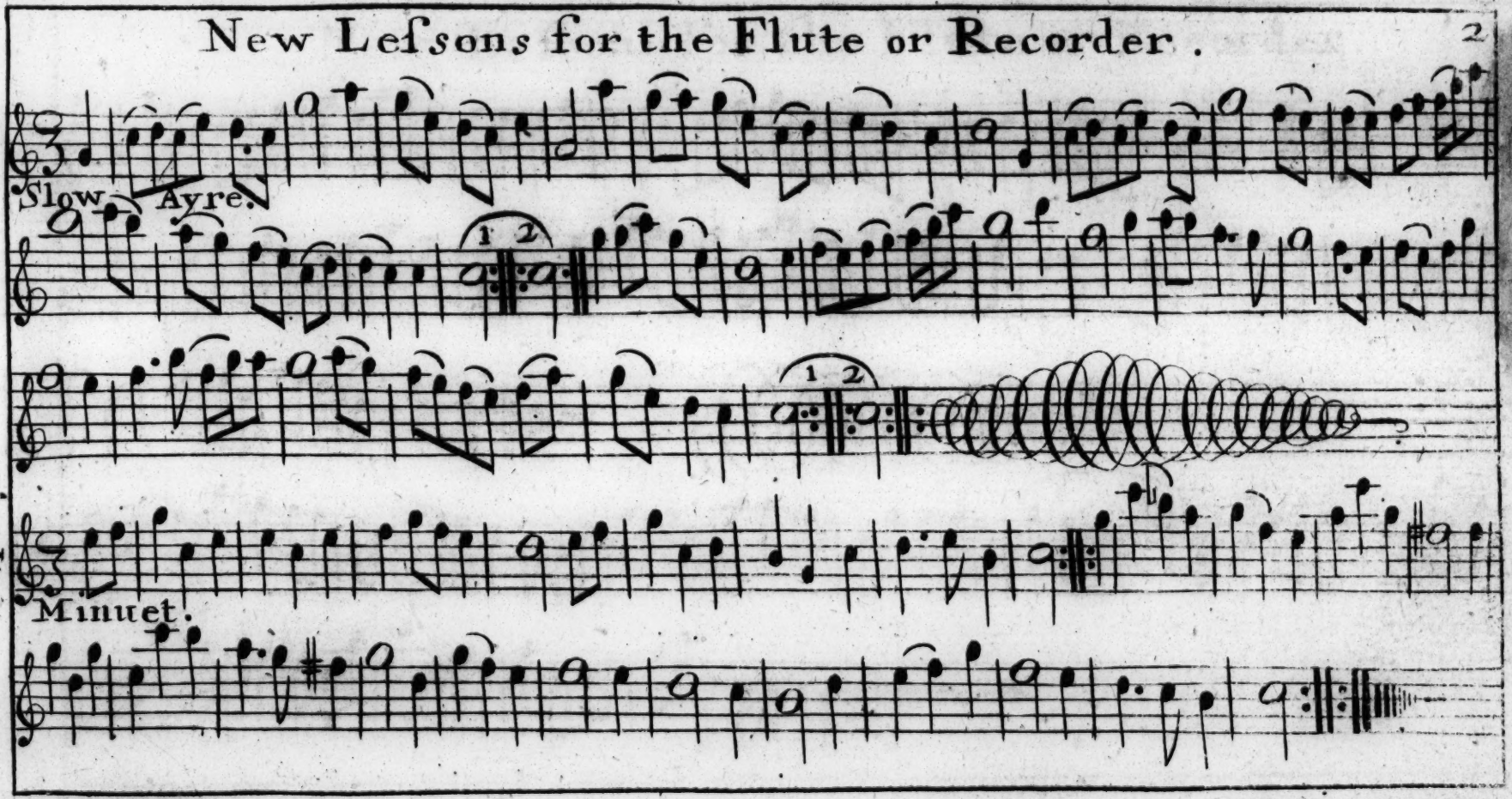
Altho' it were altogether needleſs to write a Panegyrick on the noble Science of Muſick, or to deſcant on the excellency of that which is perform'd by the flute in particular; nevertheleſs it may not be amiſs to informe the Reader concerning the preſent Undertaking; it being the deſign of the Publiſher to preſent to his view a new Collection of choice leſſons proper for the Recorder, which on the account of their variety and exactneſs may (as he preſumes) equalize if not excell any that are as yet extant. To theſe are ſubjoyn'd divers ſelect Songs compoſ'd by able Maſters. However if this ſmall eſſay ſhall meet with a favourable reception among the ingenious Lovers of Muſick, it will afford a ſufficient encouragement for the publiſhing of ſome other of the like nature. In the mean while leaving it to their candid and impartial judgment I remayne Their humble Serv.t

Tho. Croſs.

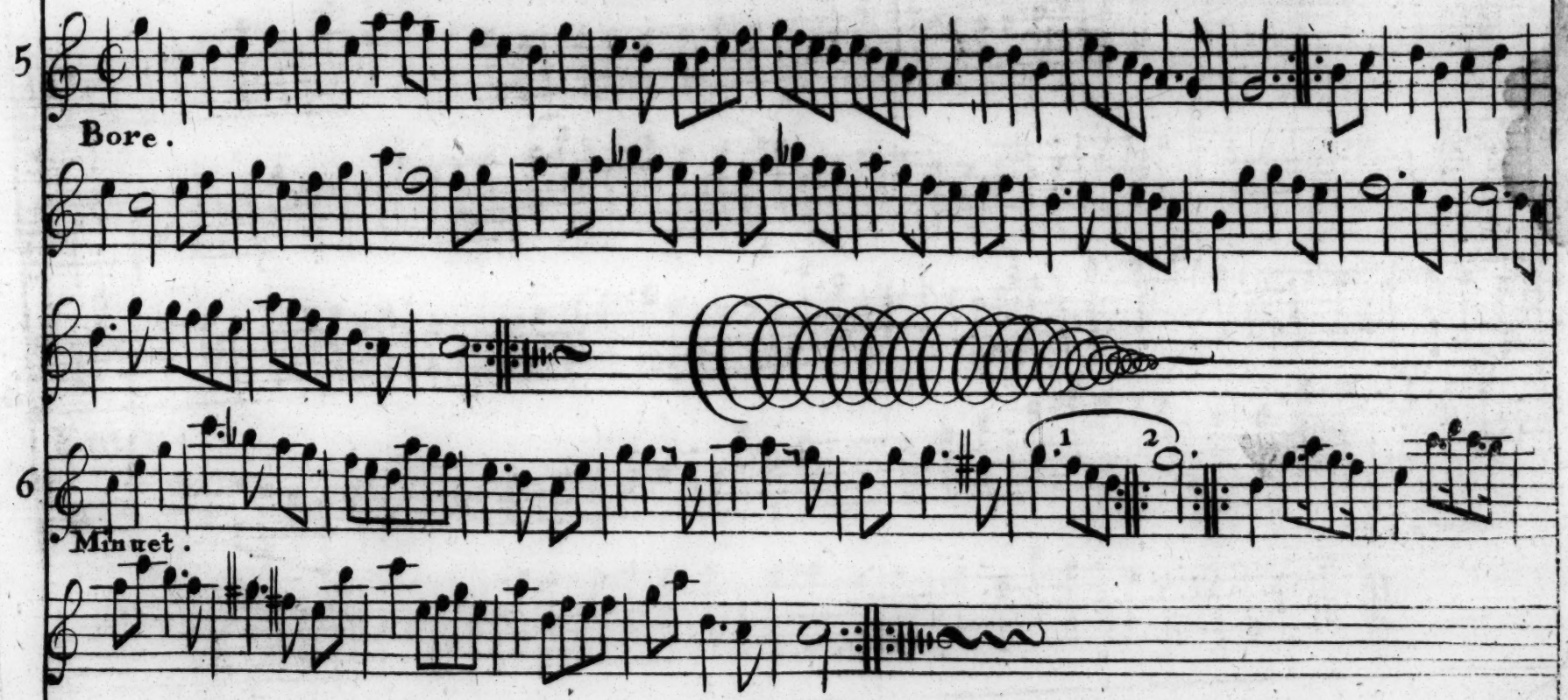
New Lesſons for the Flute or Recorder.



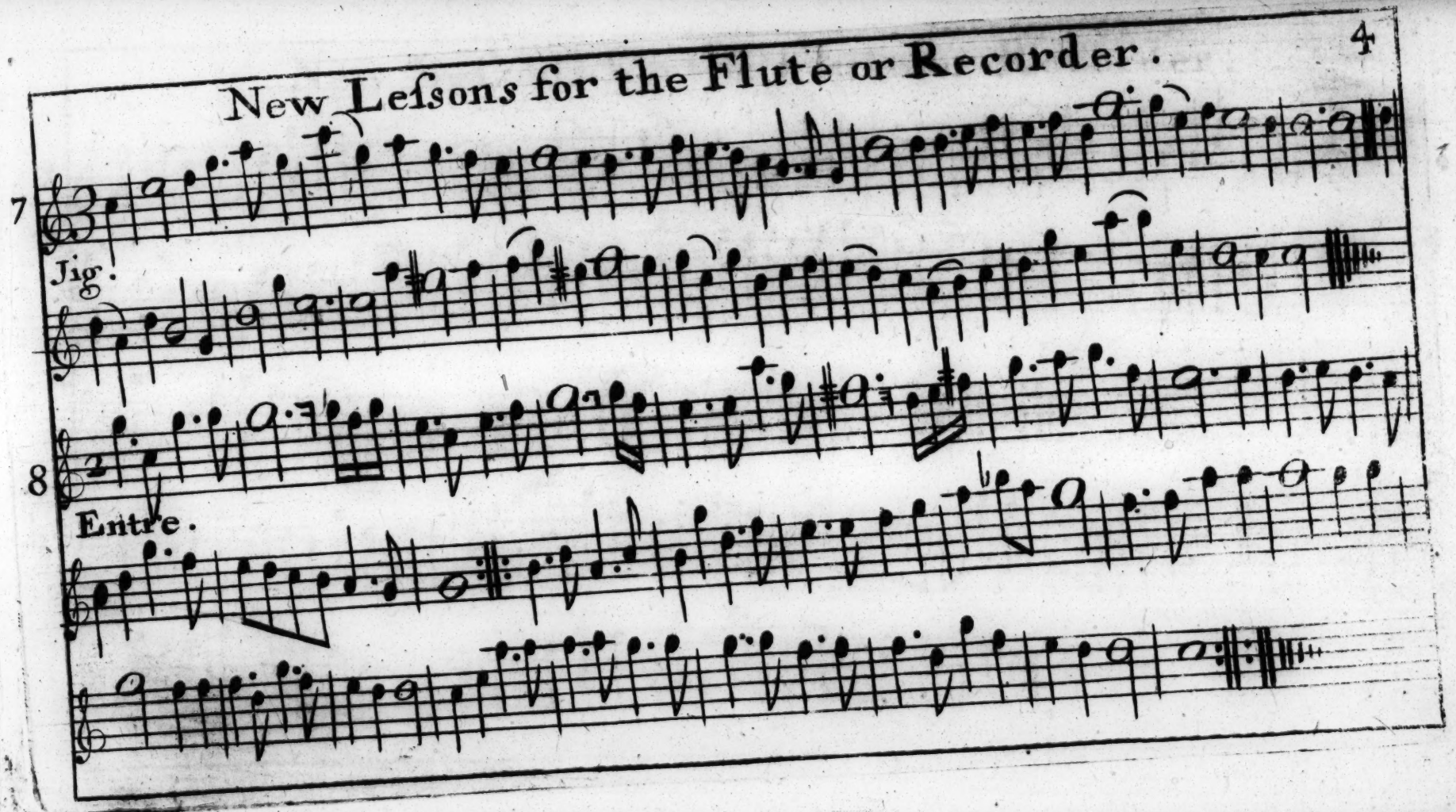



Slow Ayre.
Minuet.

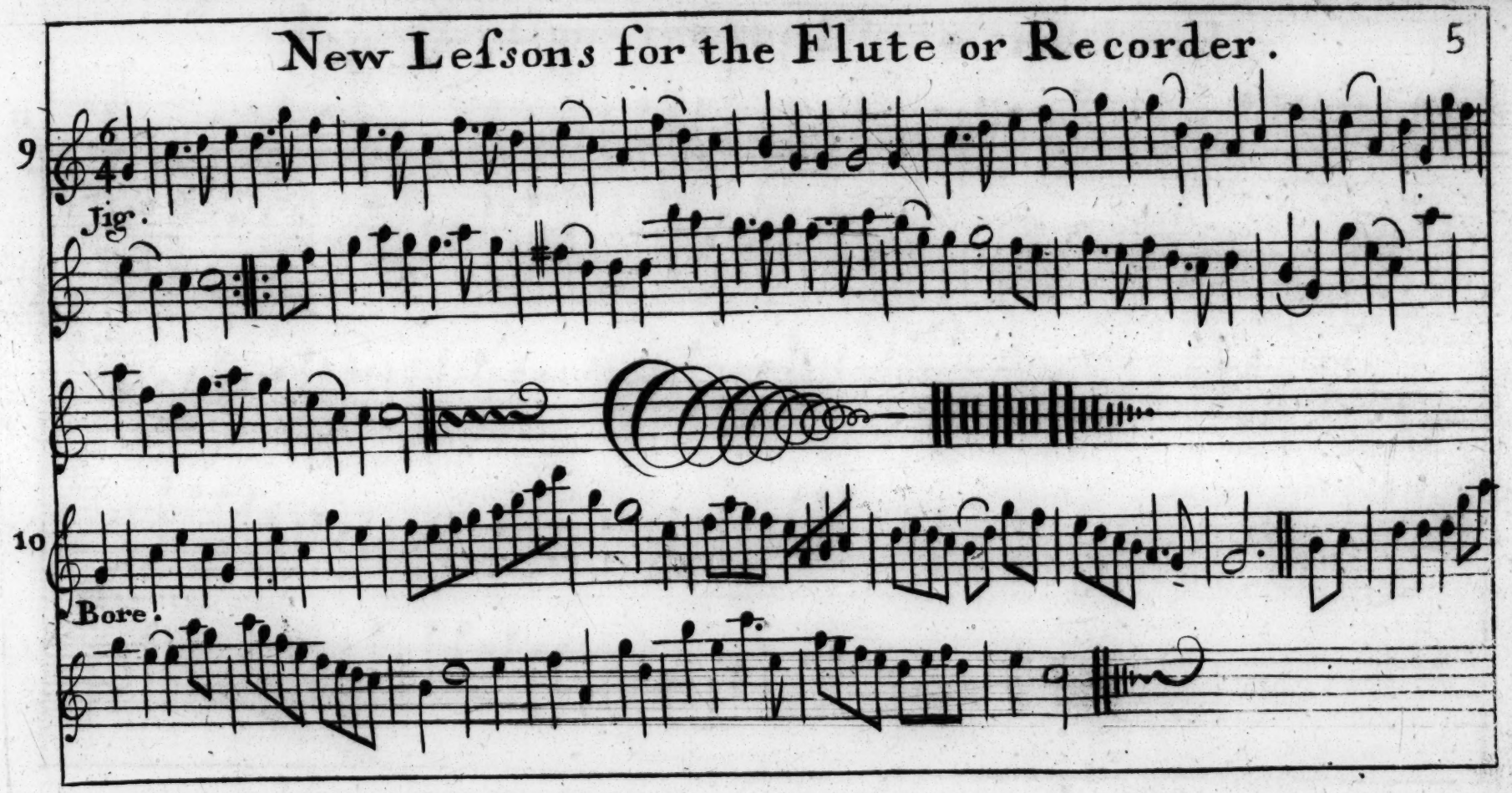
Voice Lesson for the Flute or Recorder.

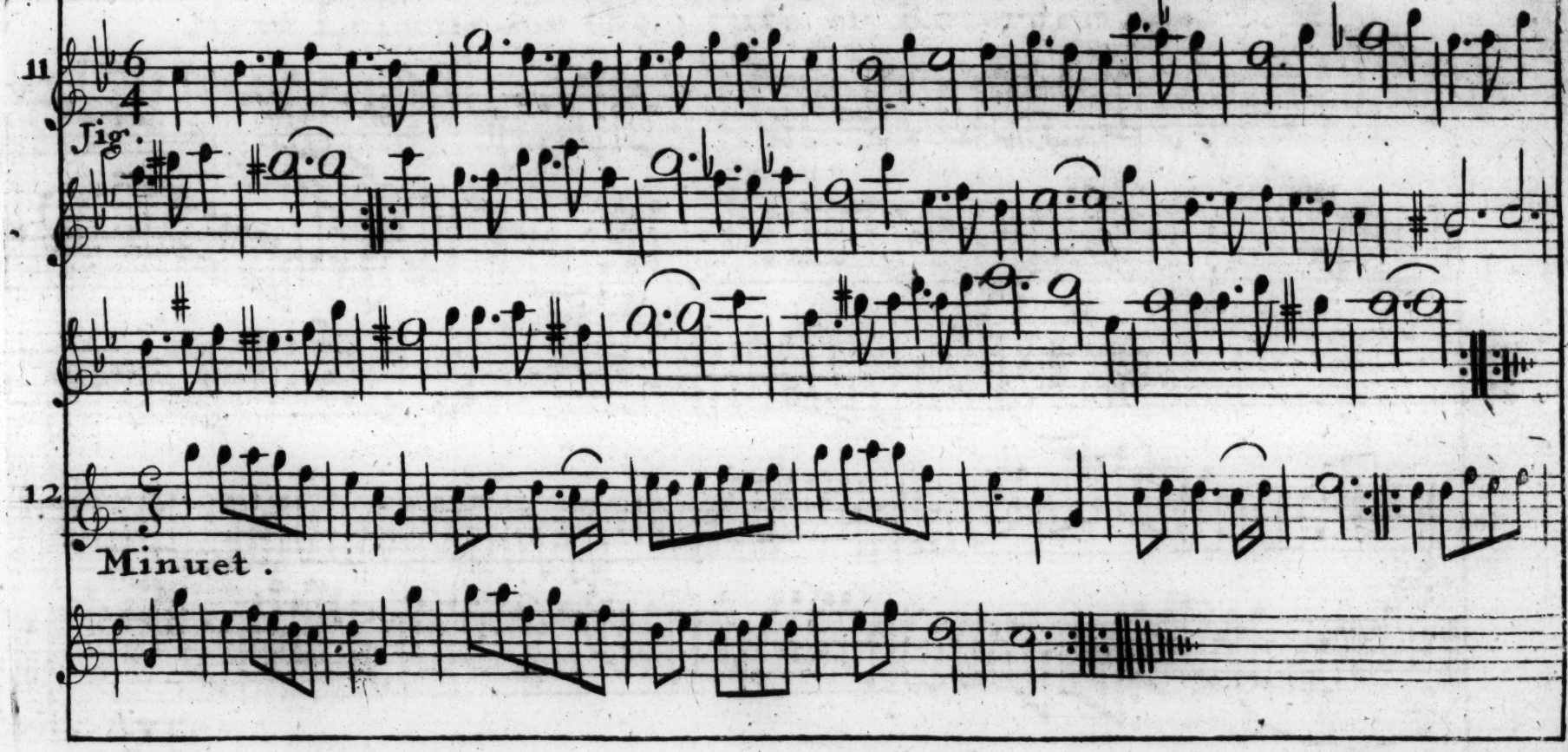

5
Bore.
6
1
2
Minuet.

New Lessons for the Flute or Recorder.


7
Jig.
8
Entre.

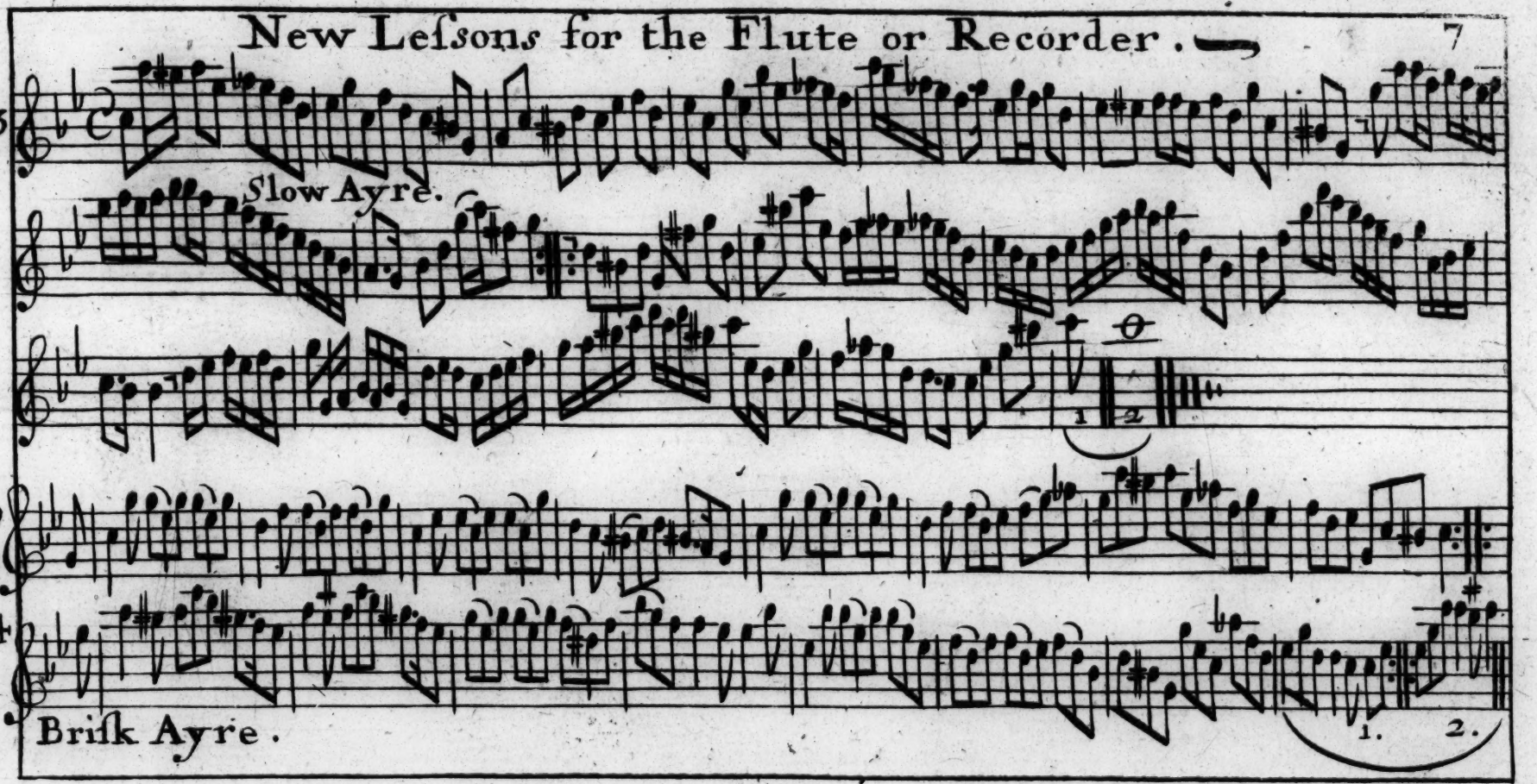
8


9
Jig.
10
Bore.


11
Jig.
12
Minuet.

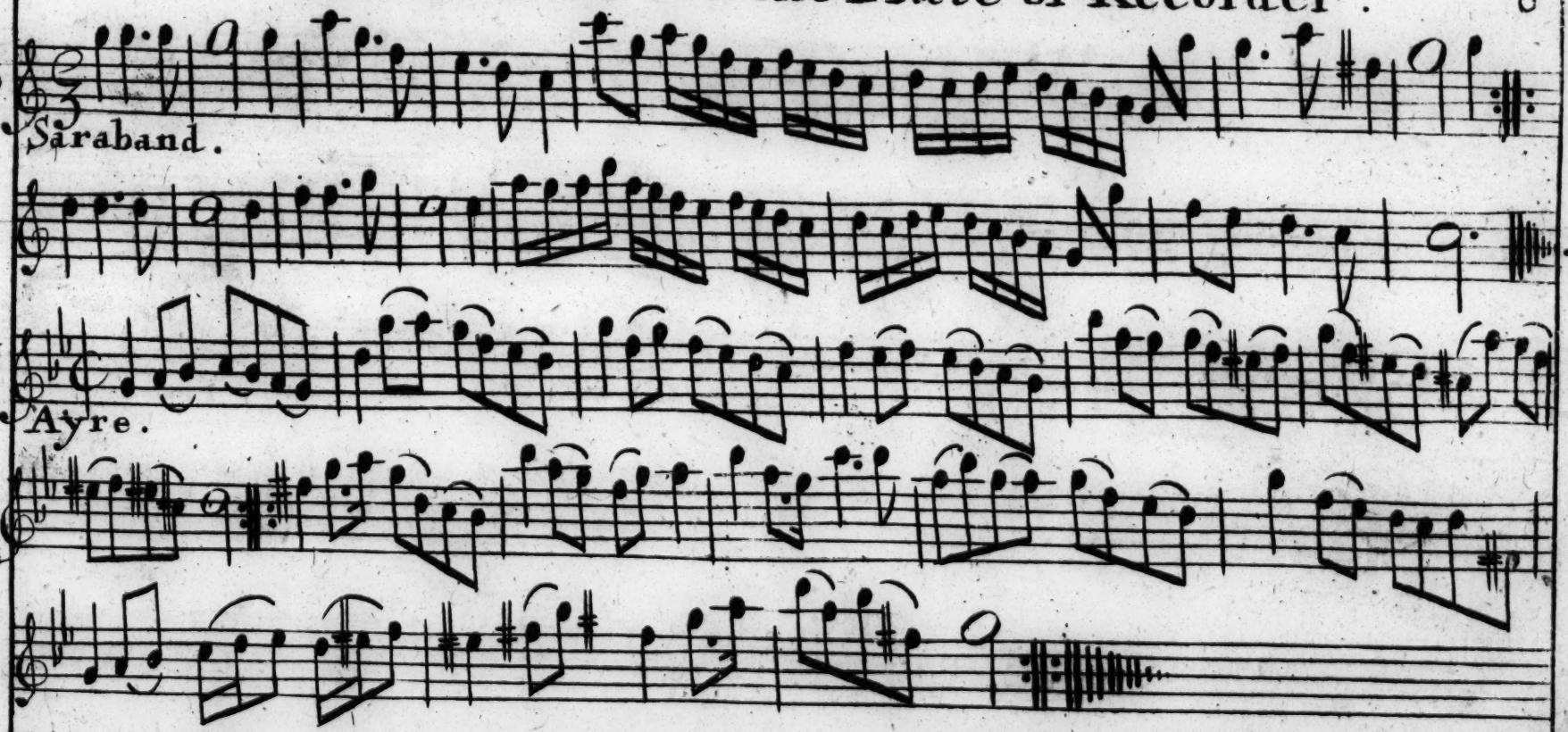
New Lessons for the Flute or Recorder.

Menuet.


13
Slow Ayre.
1 2
9
4
14
Briſk Ayre.
1. 2.

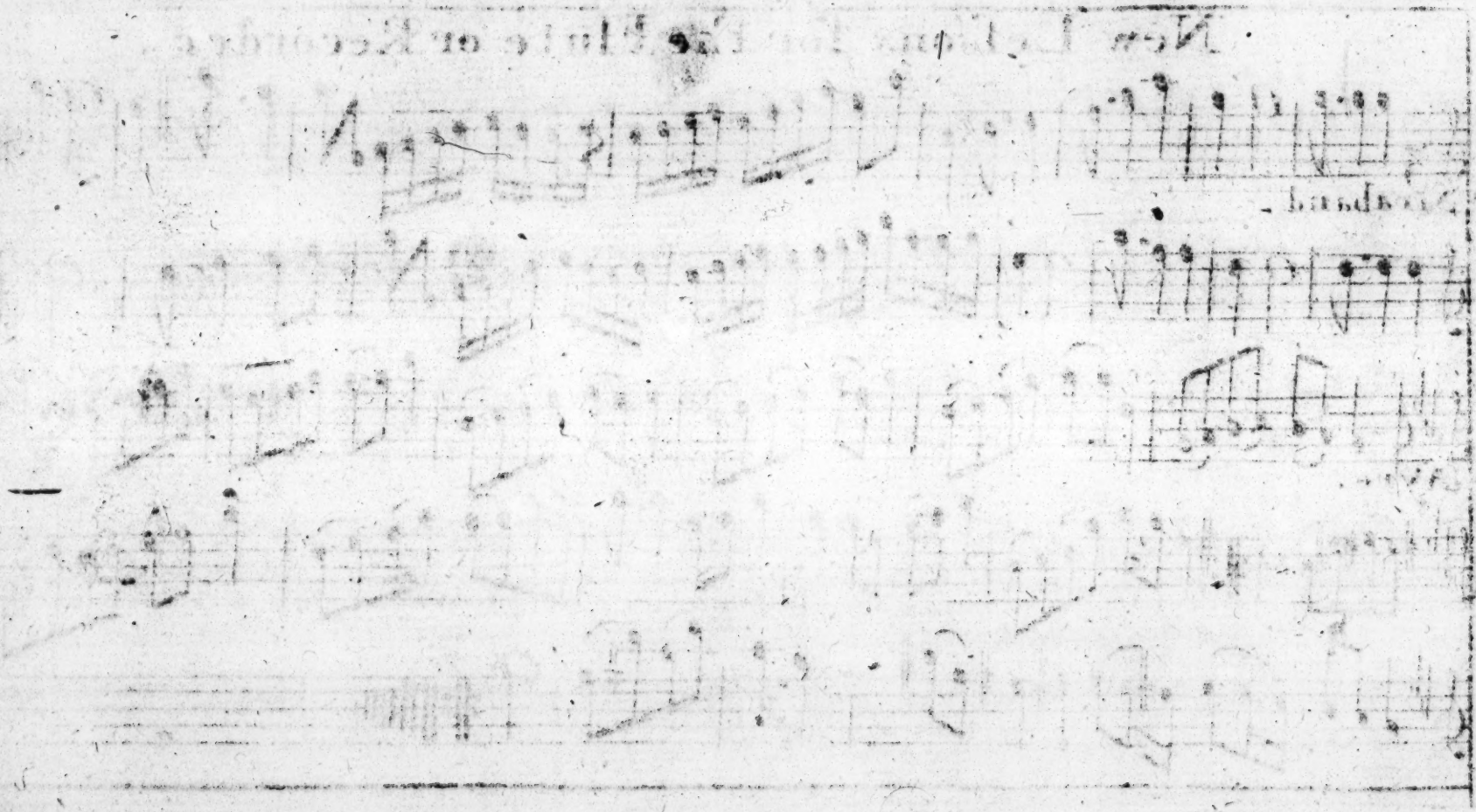
15

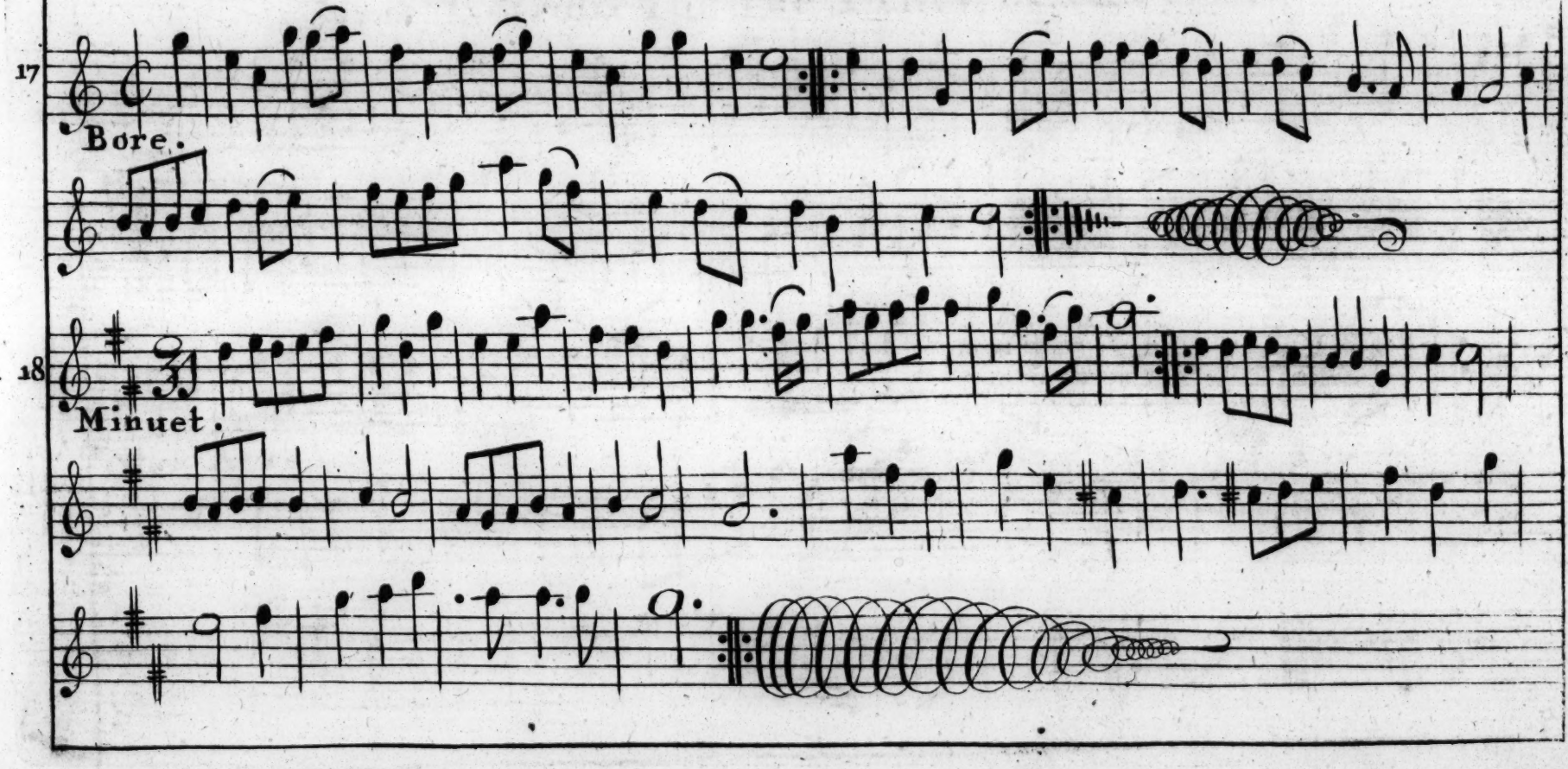
Saraband.



16

Ayre.

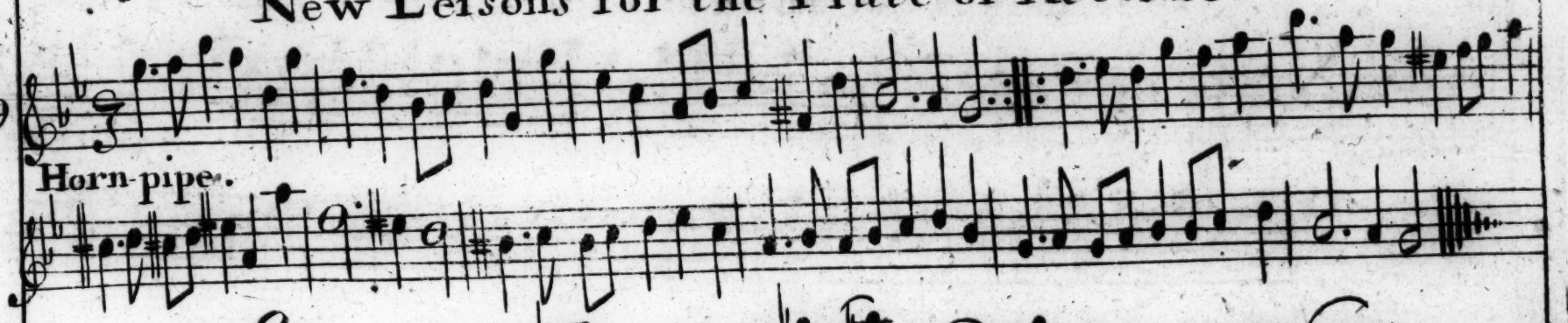



17
Bore.
18
Minuet.

Minuet

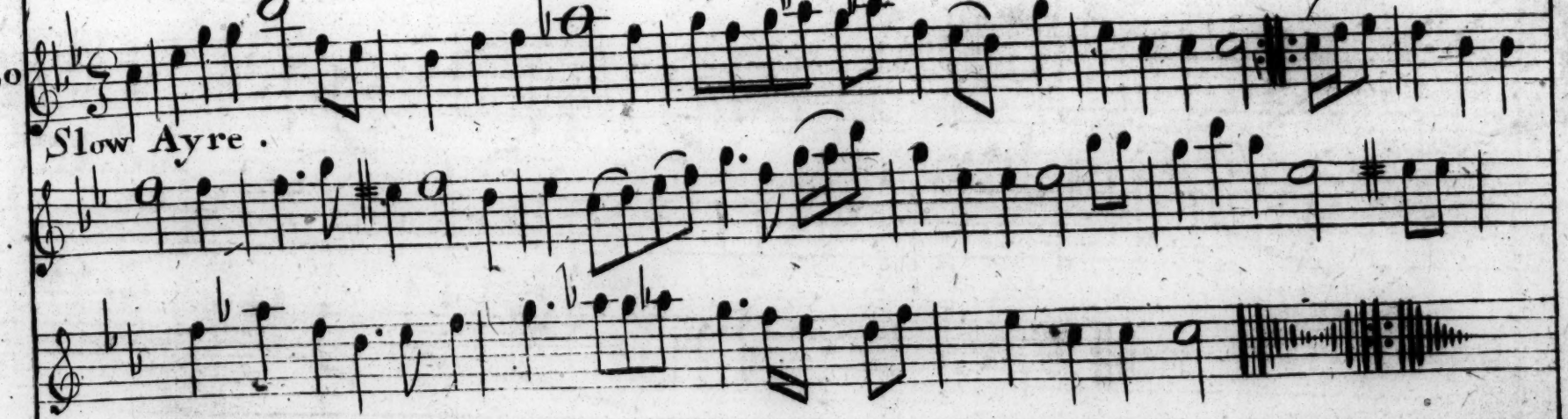
19

Horn-pipe.



20

Slow Ayre.

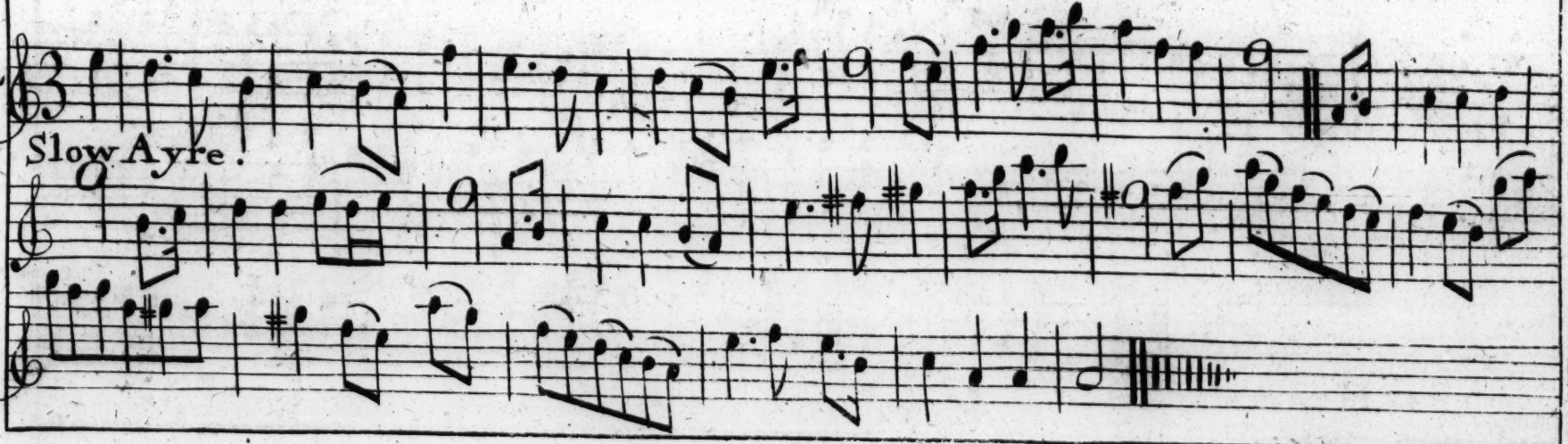


21

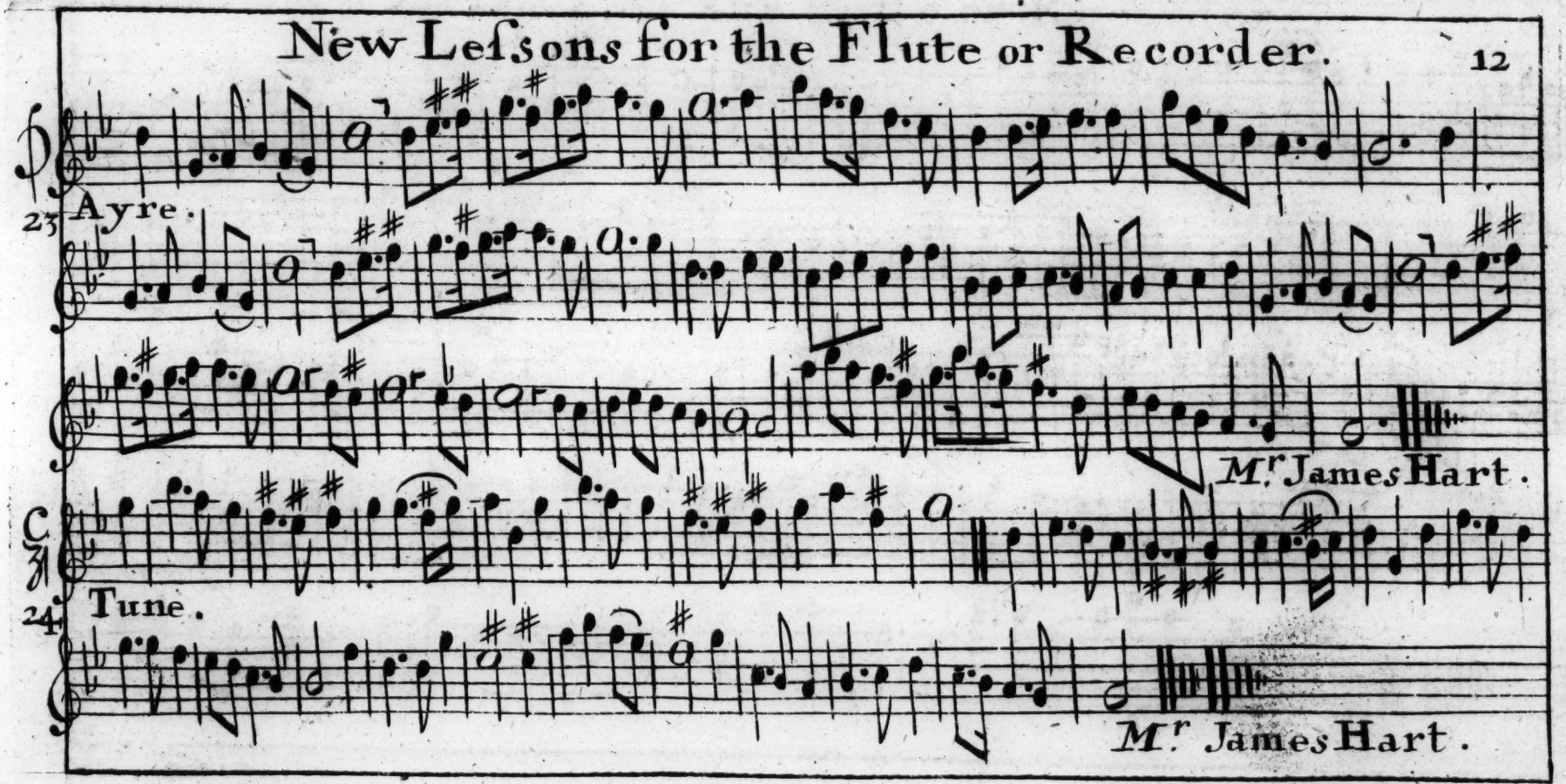
Minuet.

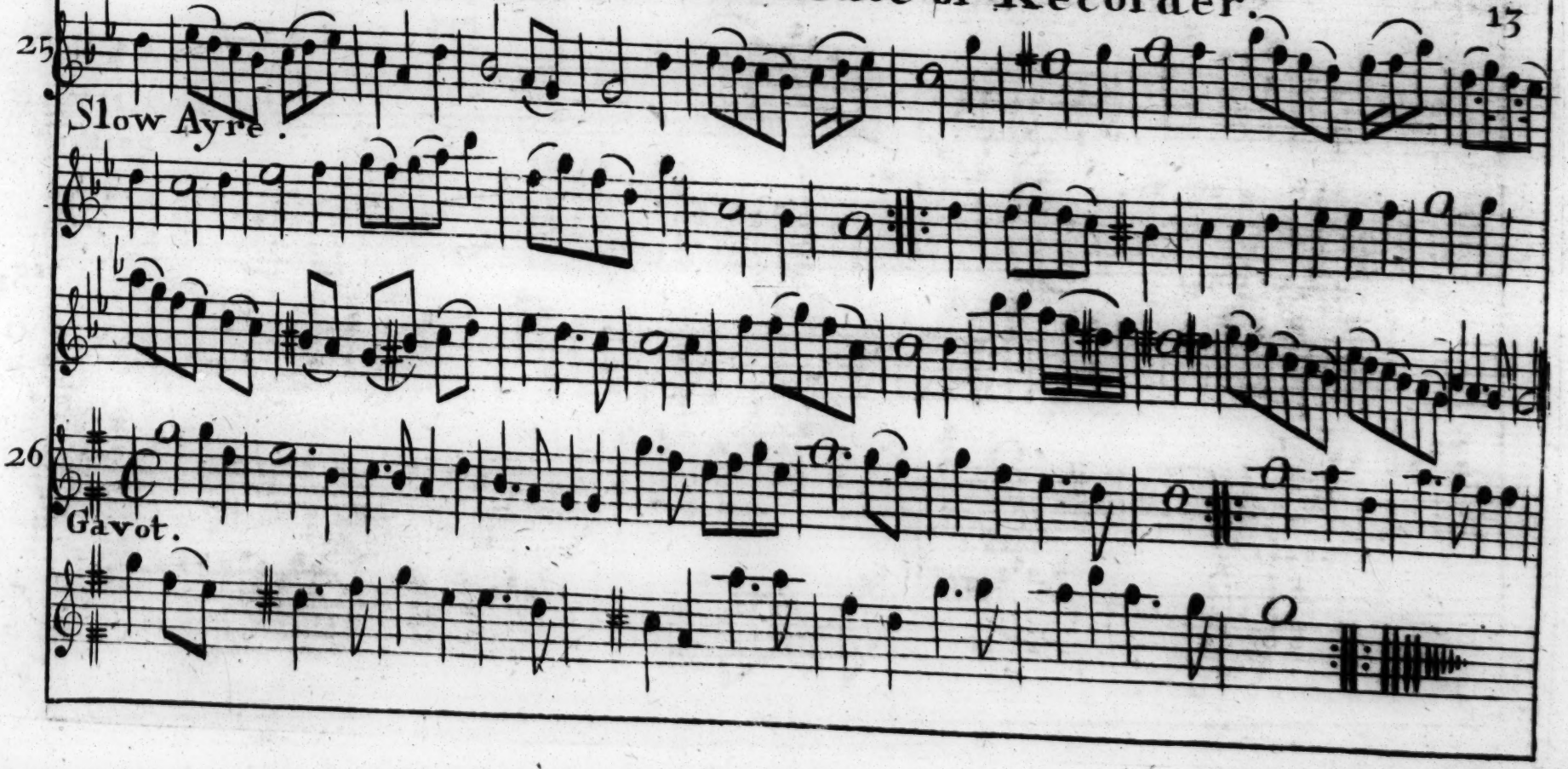
22

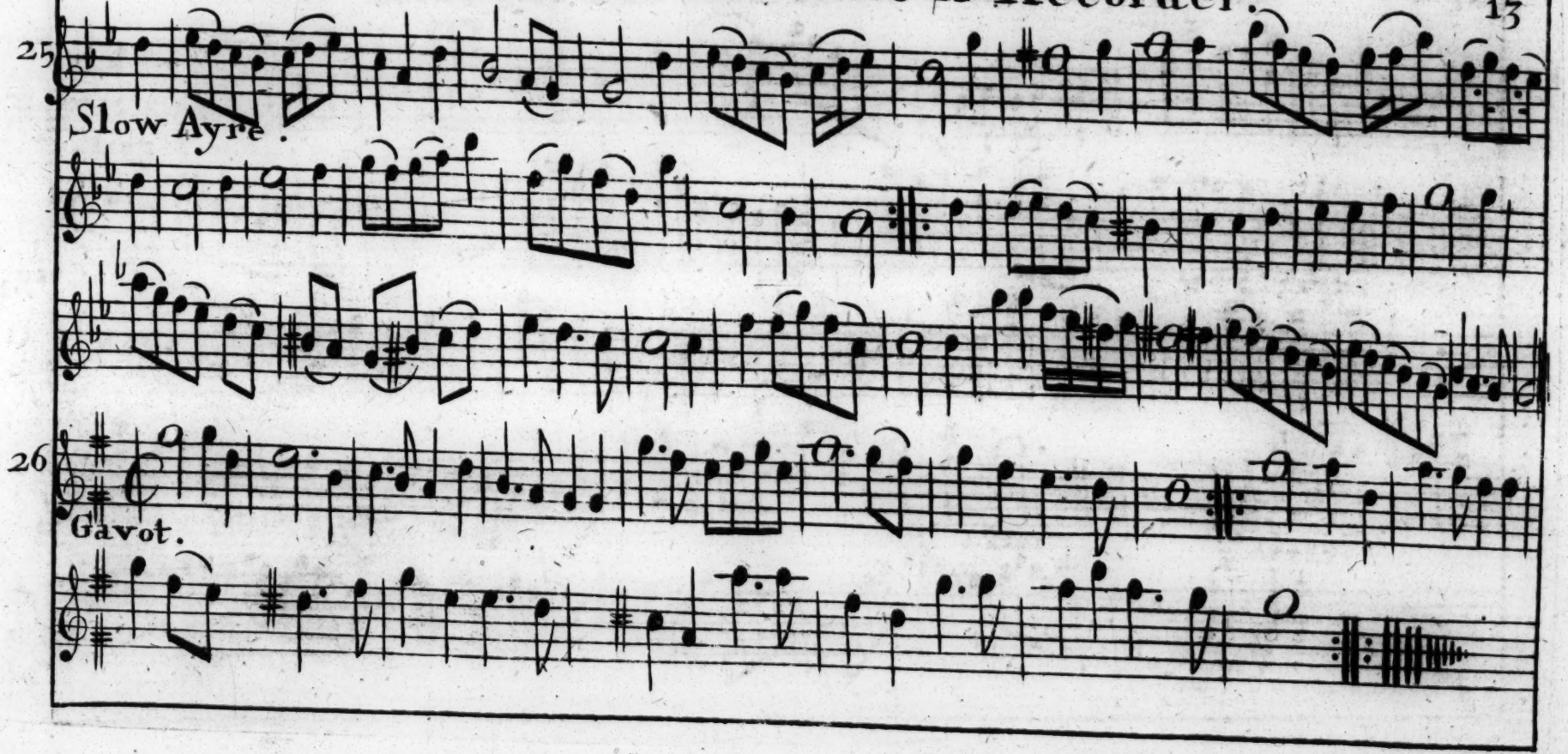
Slow Ayre.

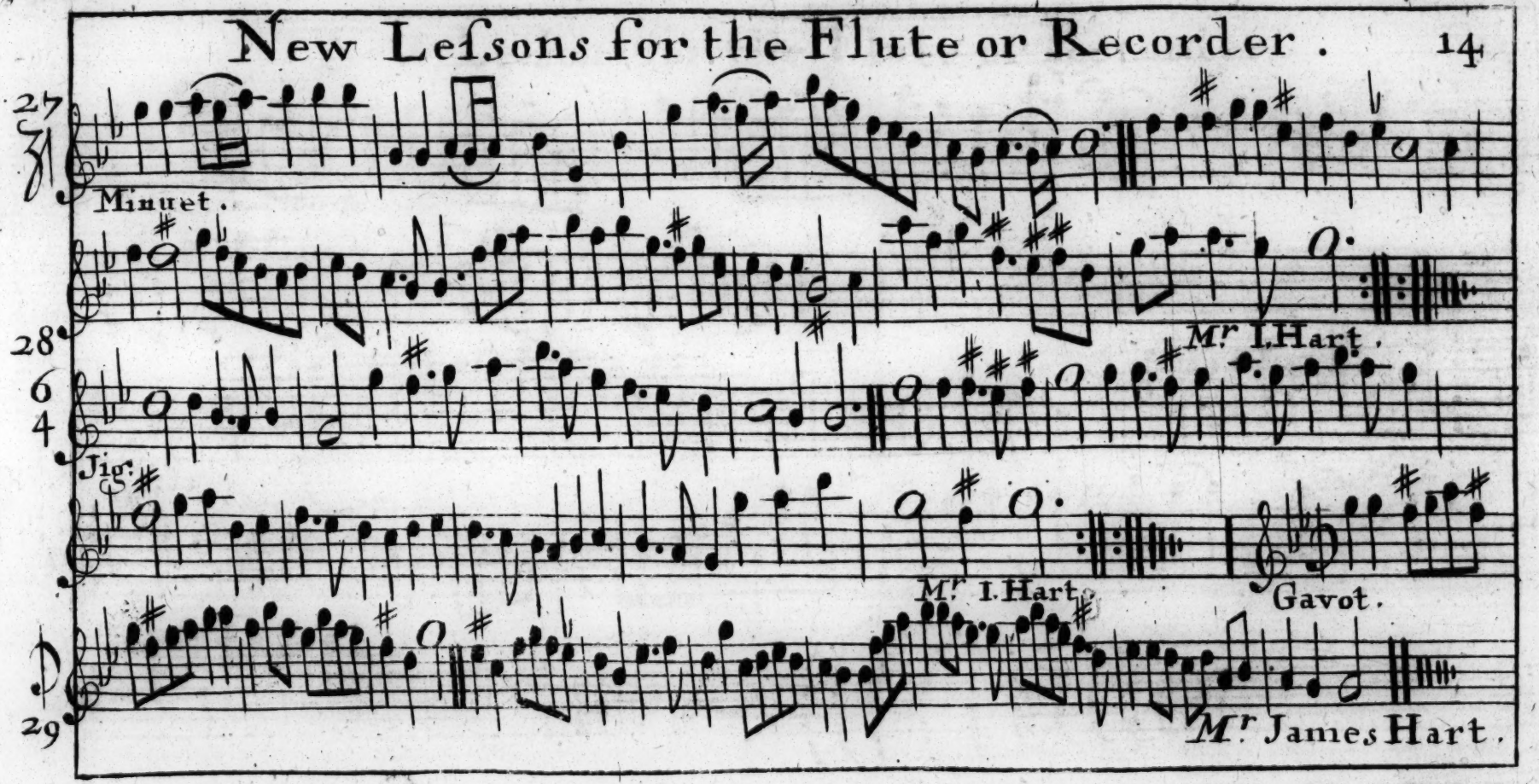


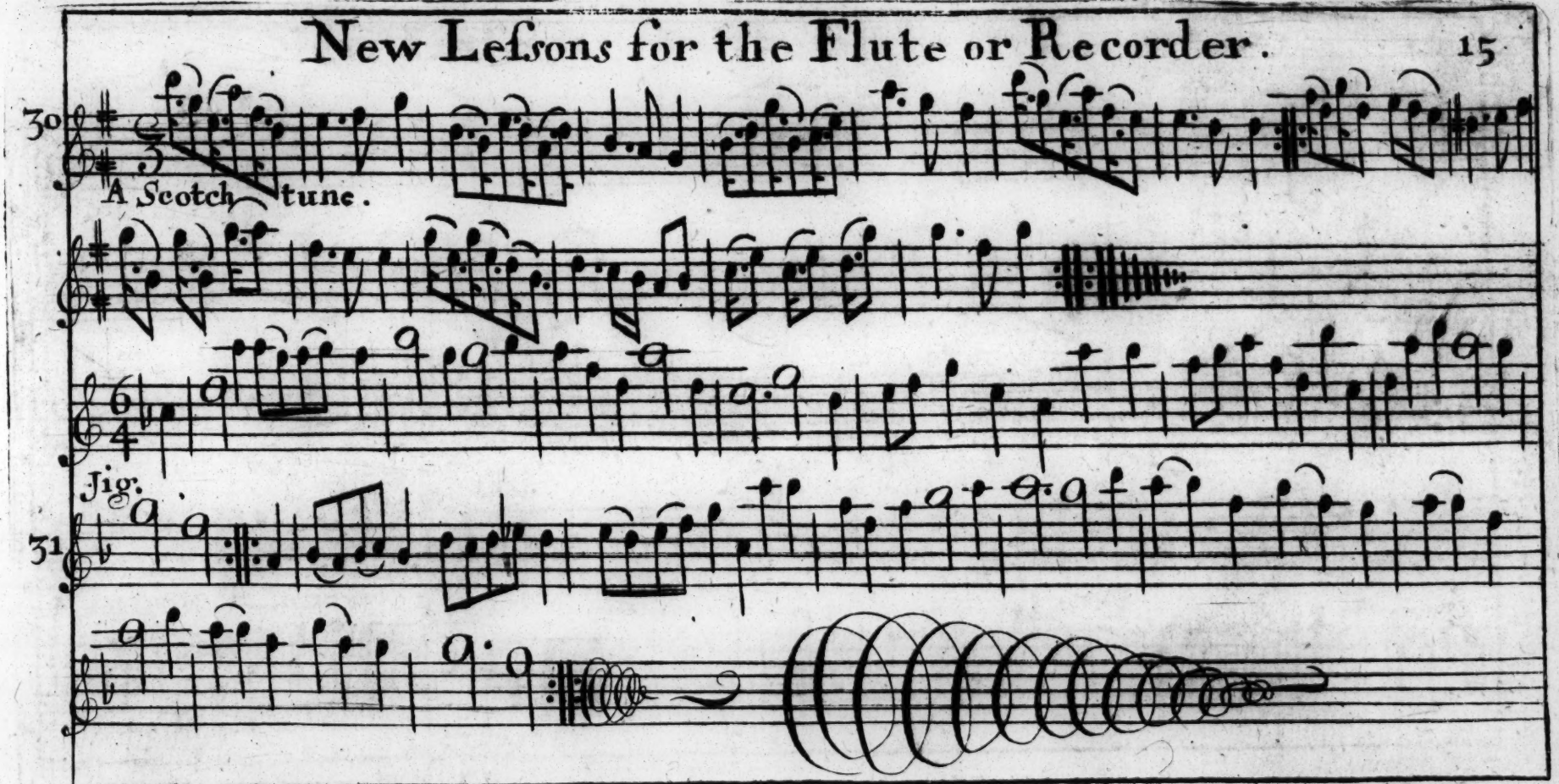
New Lessons for the Flute. Recorder.


23 Ayre.
M.r James Hart.
24 Tune.
M.r James Hart.


25
Slow Ayre.
26
Gavot.

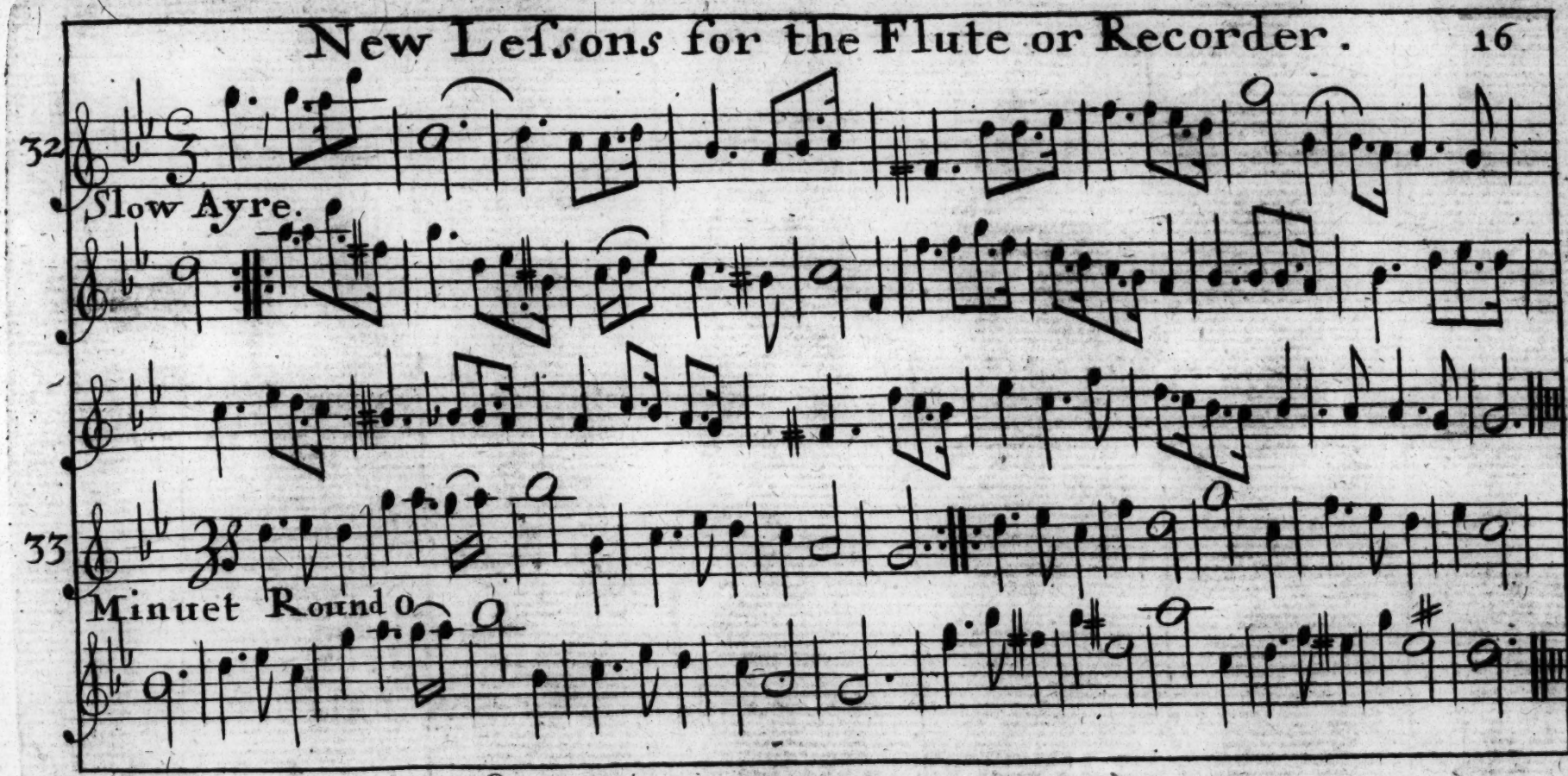

25
Slow Ayre.
26
Gavot.


27
Minuet.
28
6
4
Mr. I. Hart.
Jig.
Mr. I. Hart.
Gavot.
29
Mr. James Hart.


30
A Scotch tune.
Jig.
31

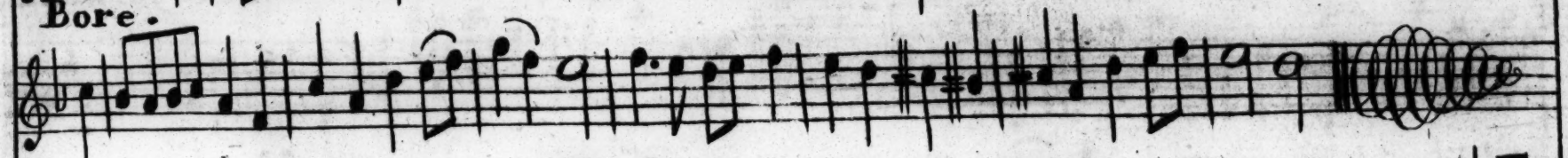
20

21


32
Slow Ayre.
33
Minuet Rondo

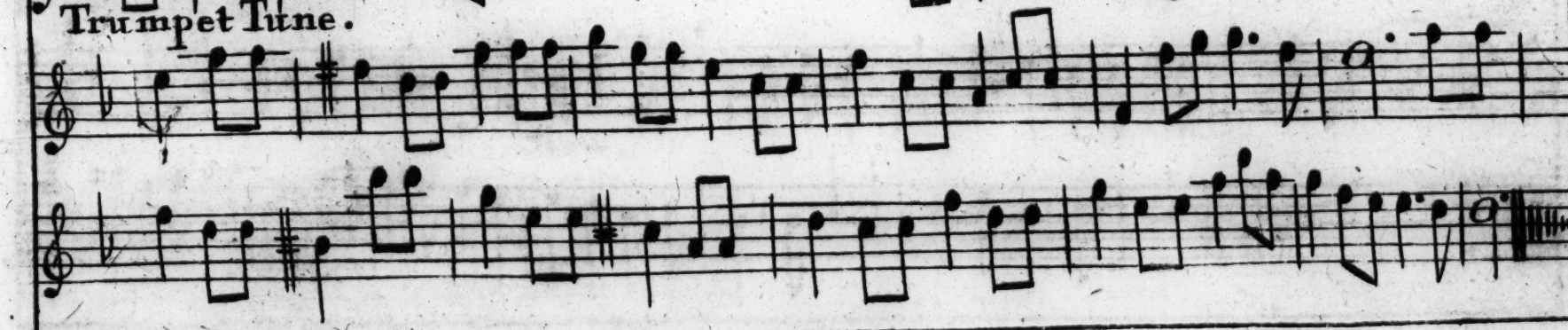
34

Bore.



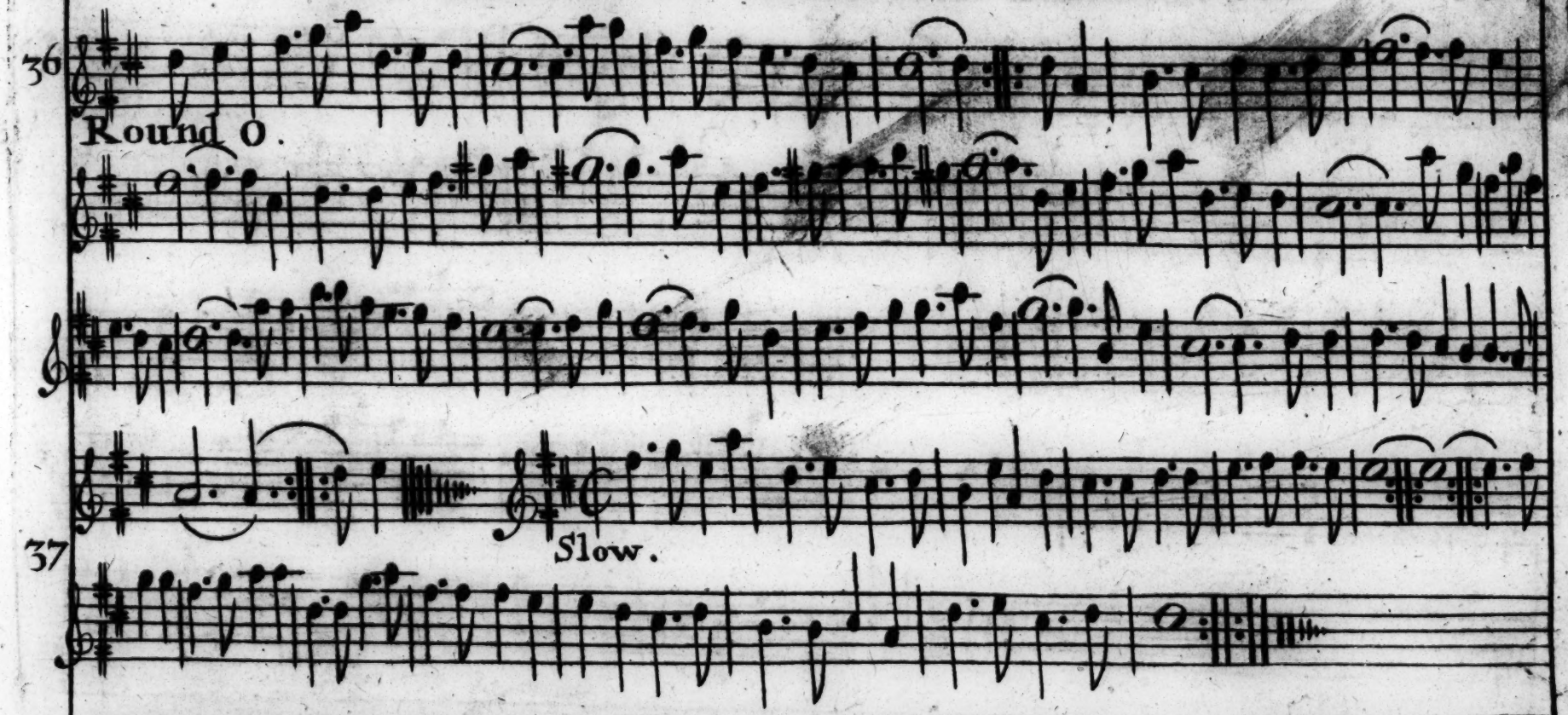
35

Trumpet Tune.



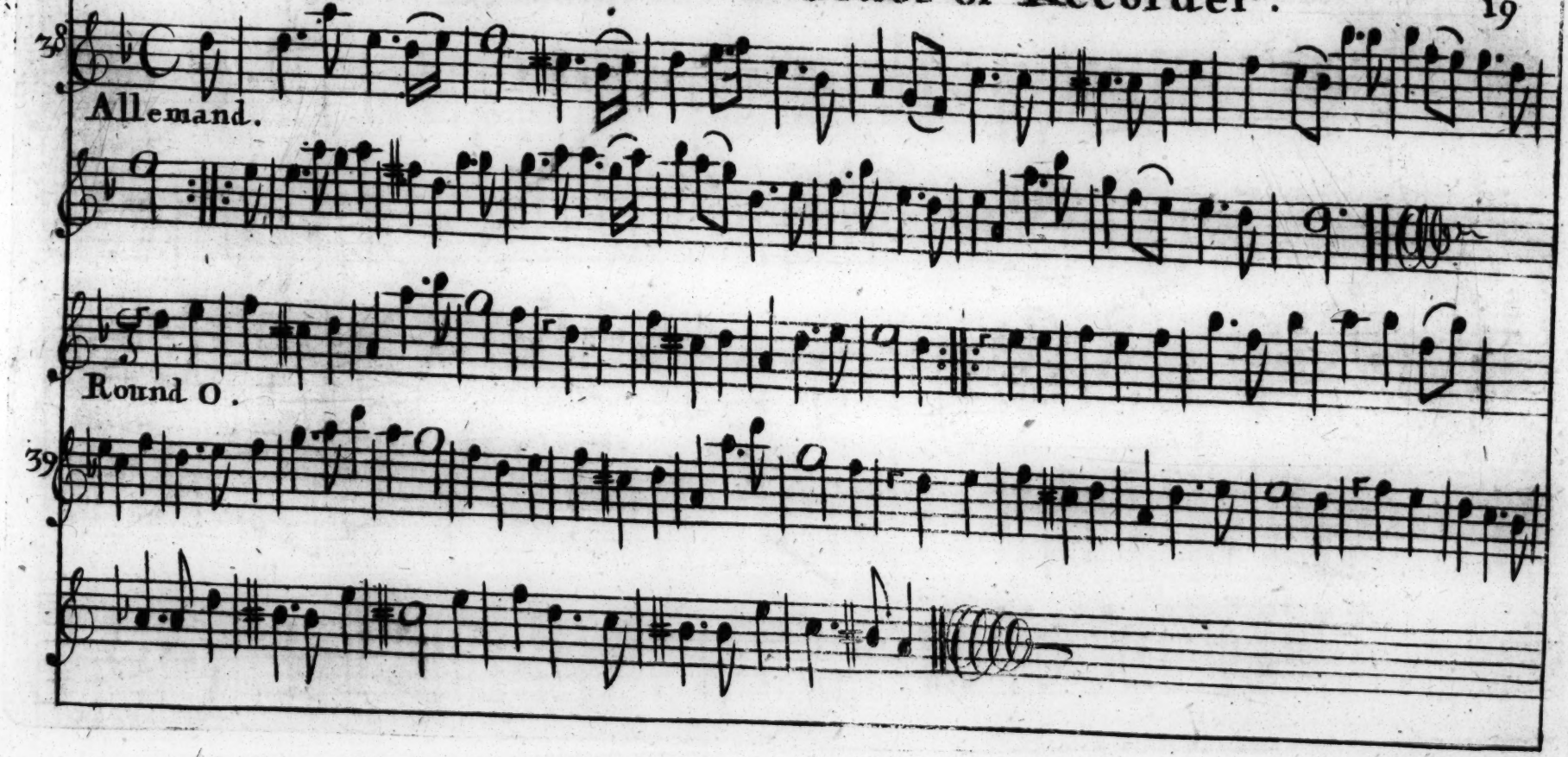
Bore.

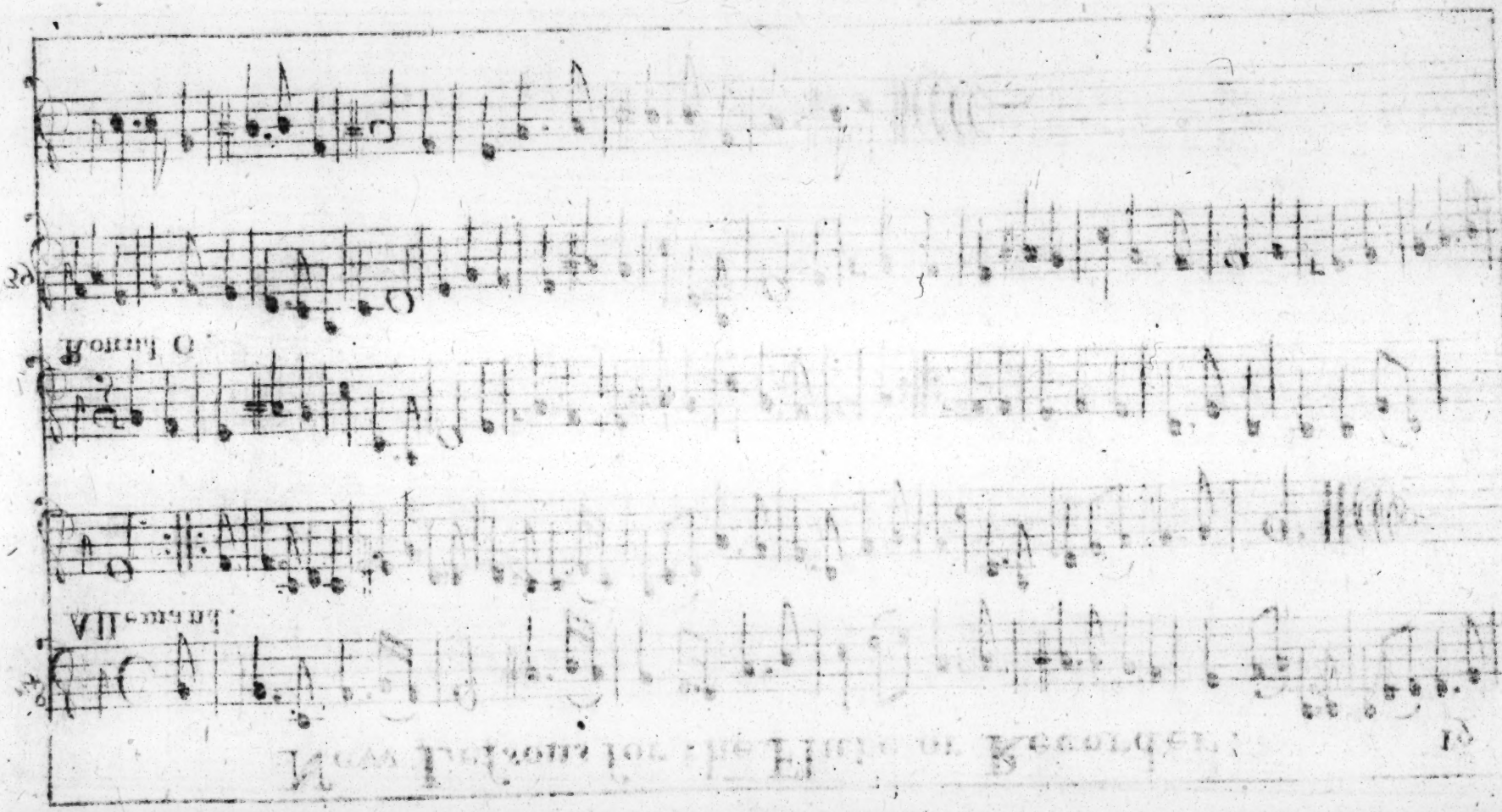
Trumpet Tune.

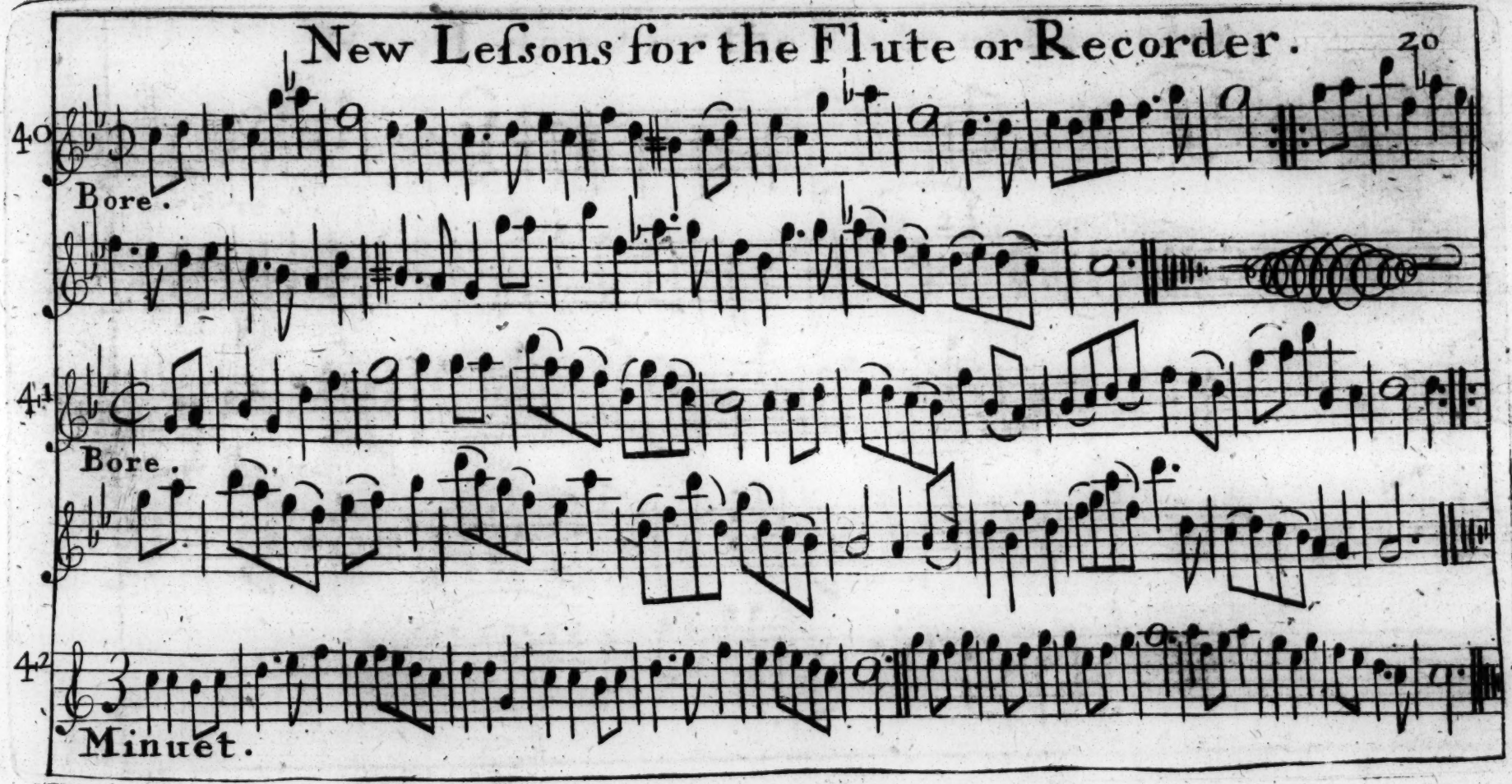

36
Round O.
37
Slow.

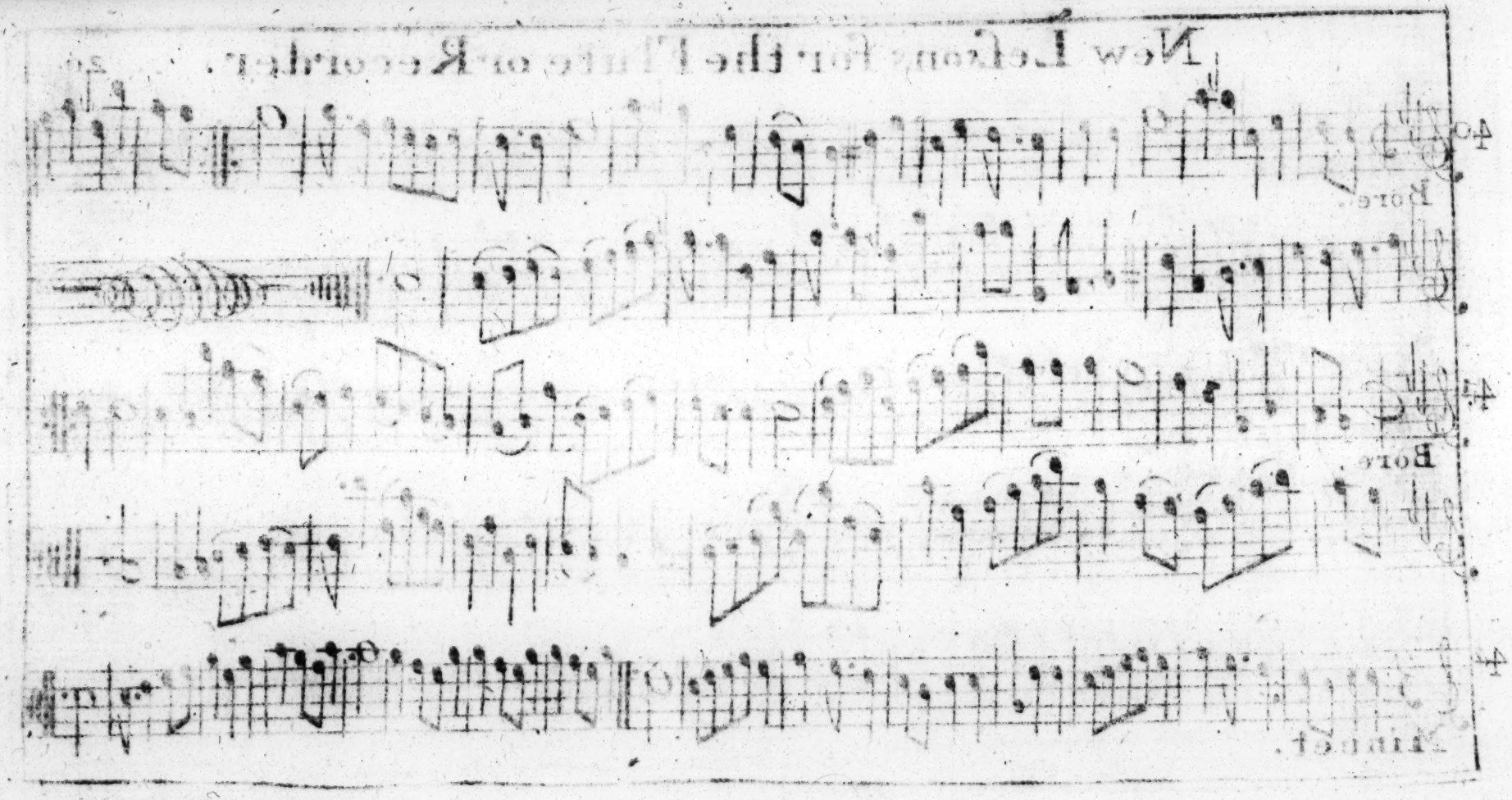
Round O.

Slow.


38
Allemand.
Round O.
39




40
Bore.
41
Bore.
42
Minuet.



43

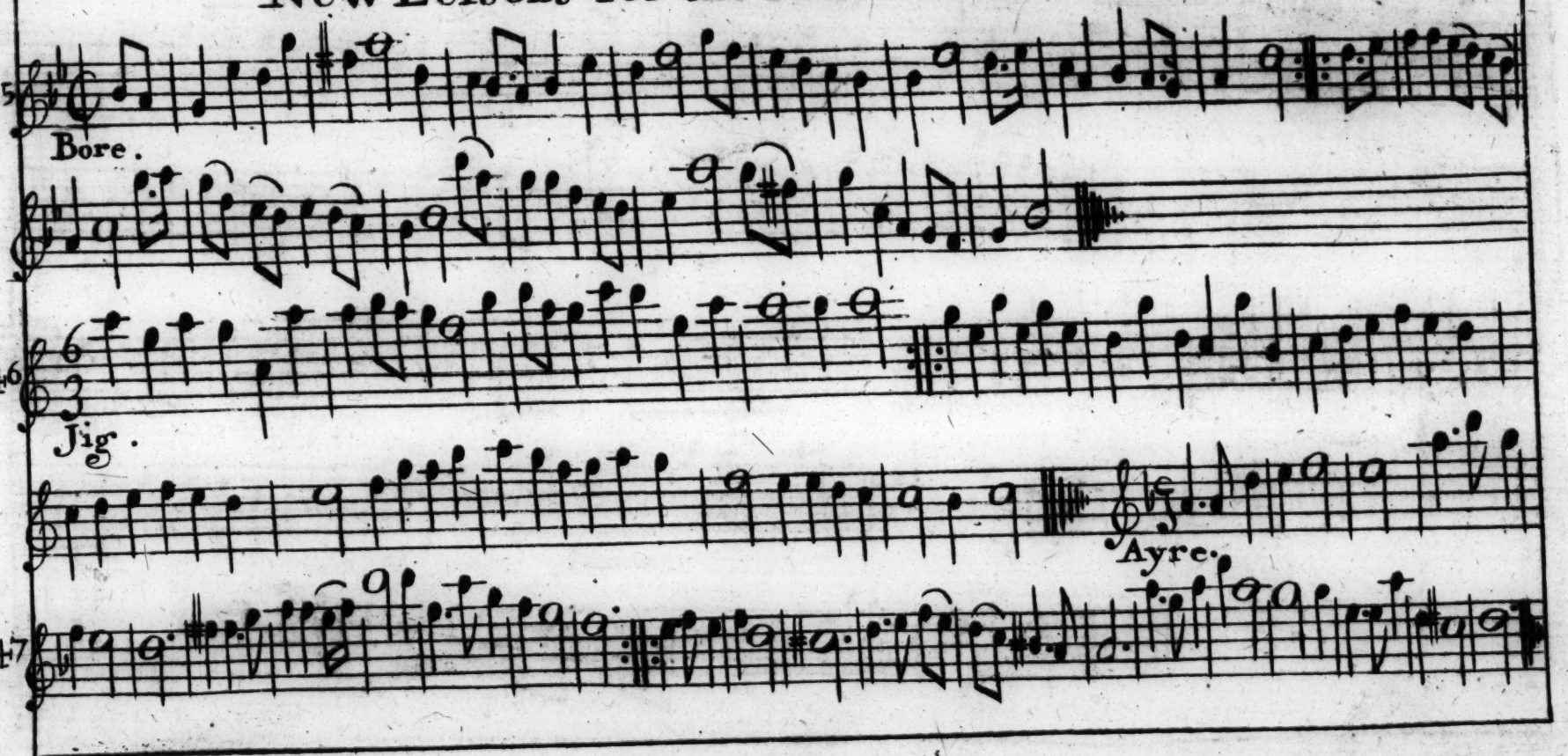
Slow Ayre.

1 2

1 2

44

Slow Ayre.


45
Bore.
46
Jig.
Ayre.
47

New Lessons for the Flute or Recorder.

48

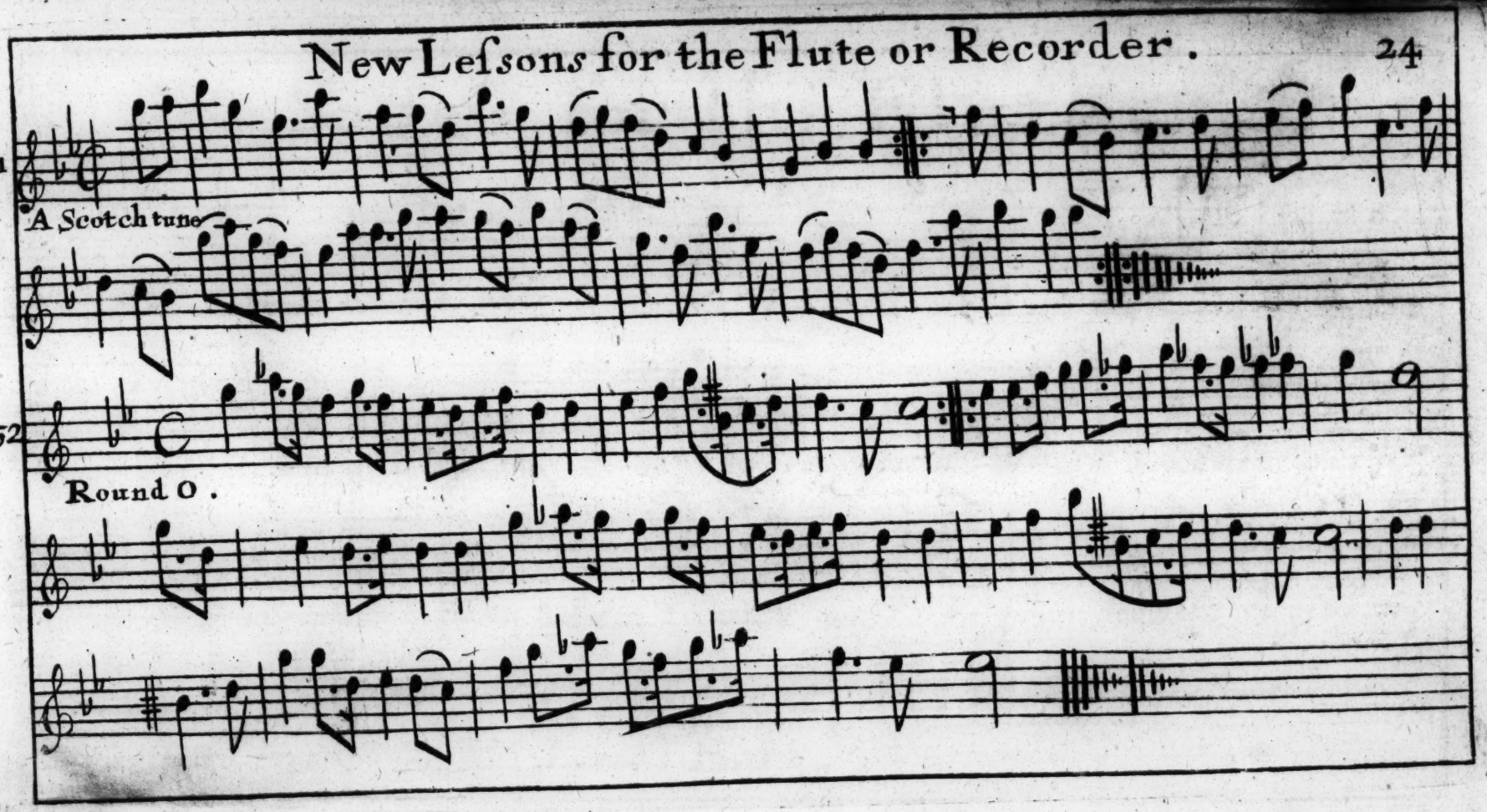
Ayre.

49

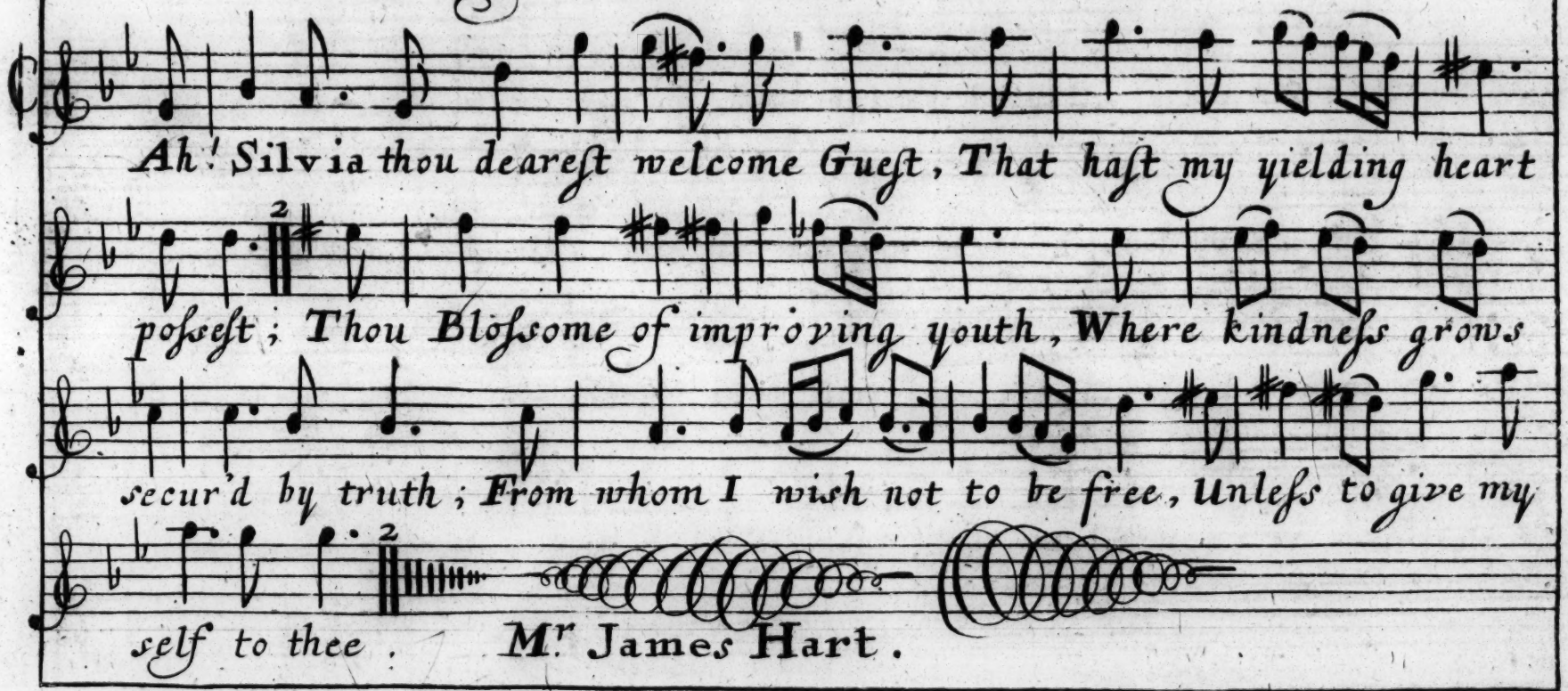
Minuet.

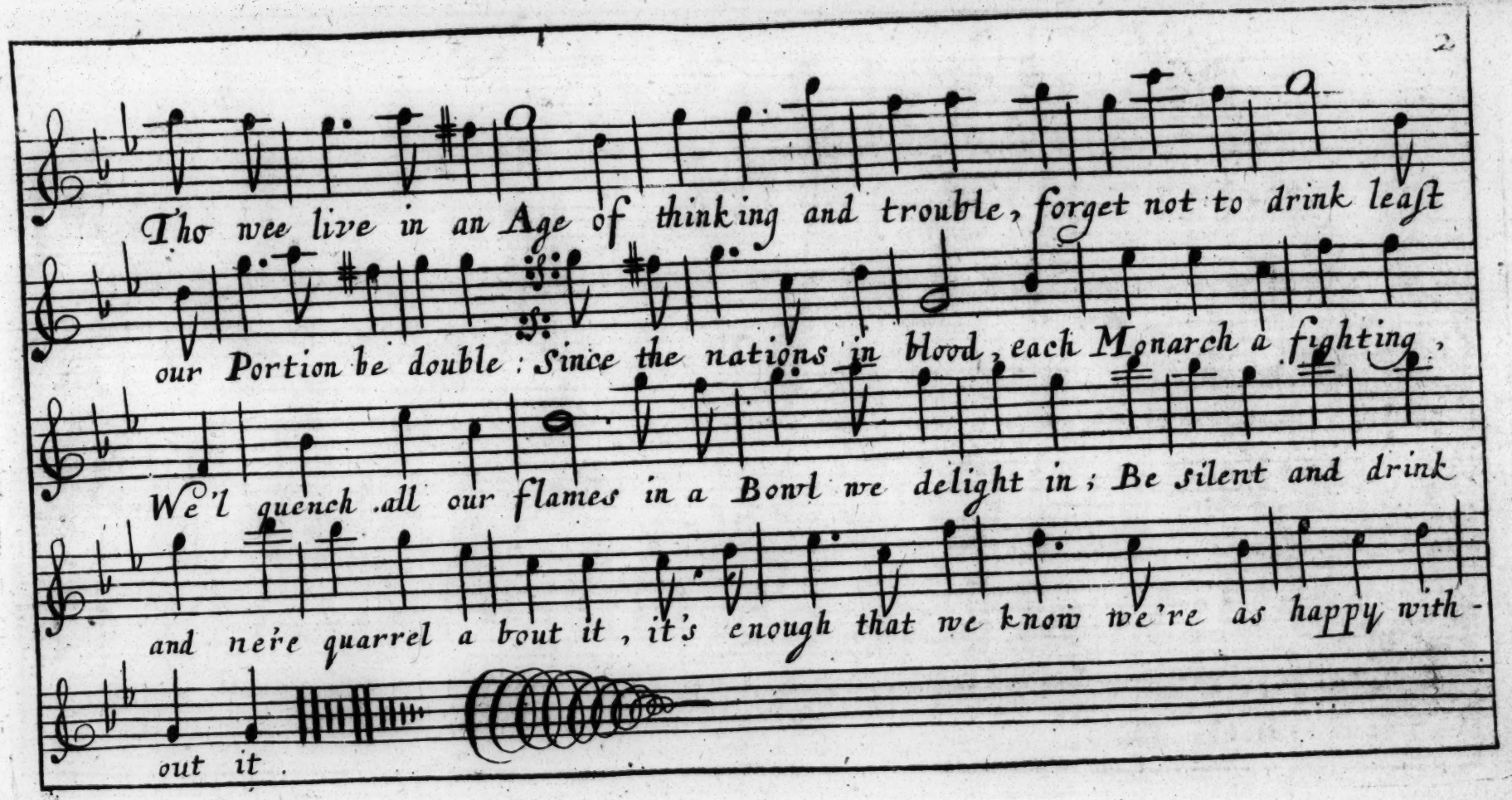
Bore.

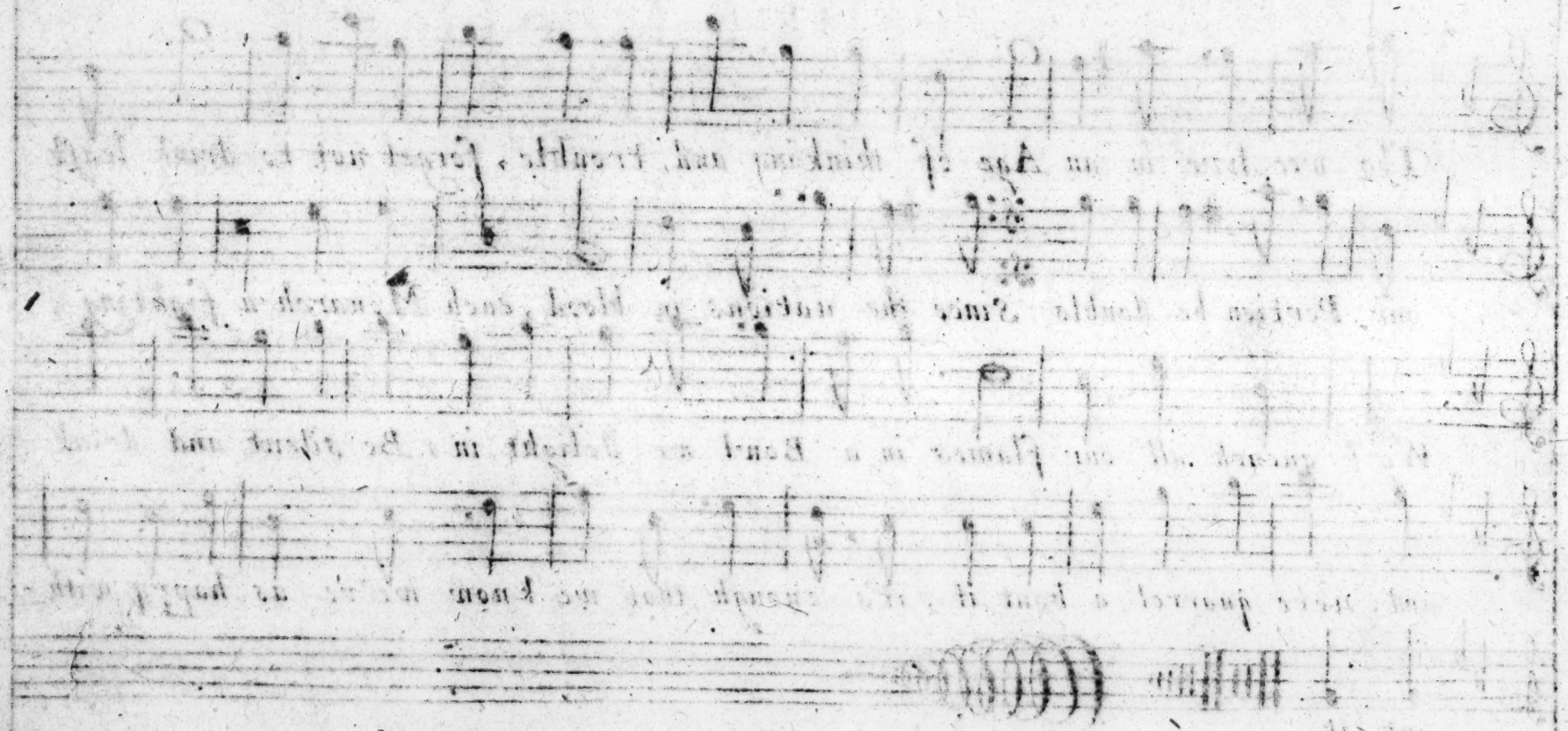
50

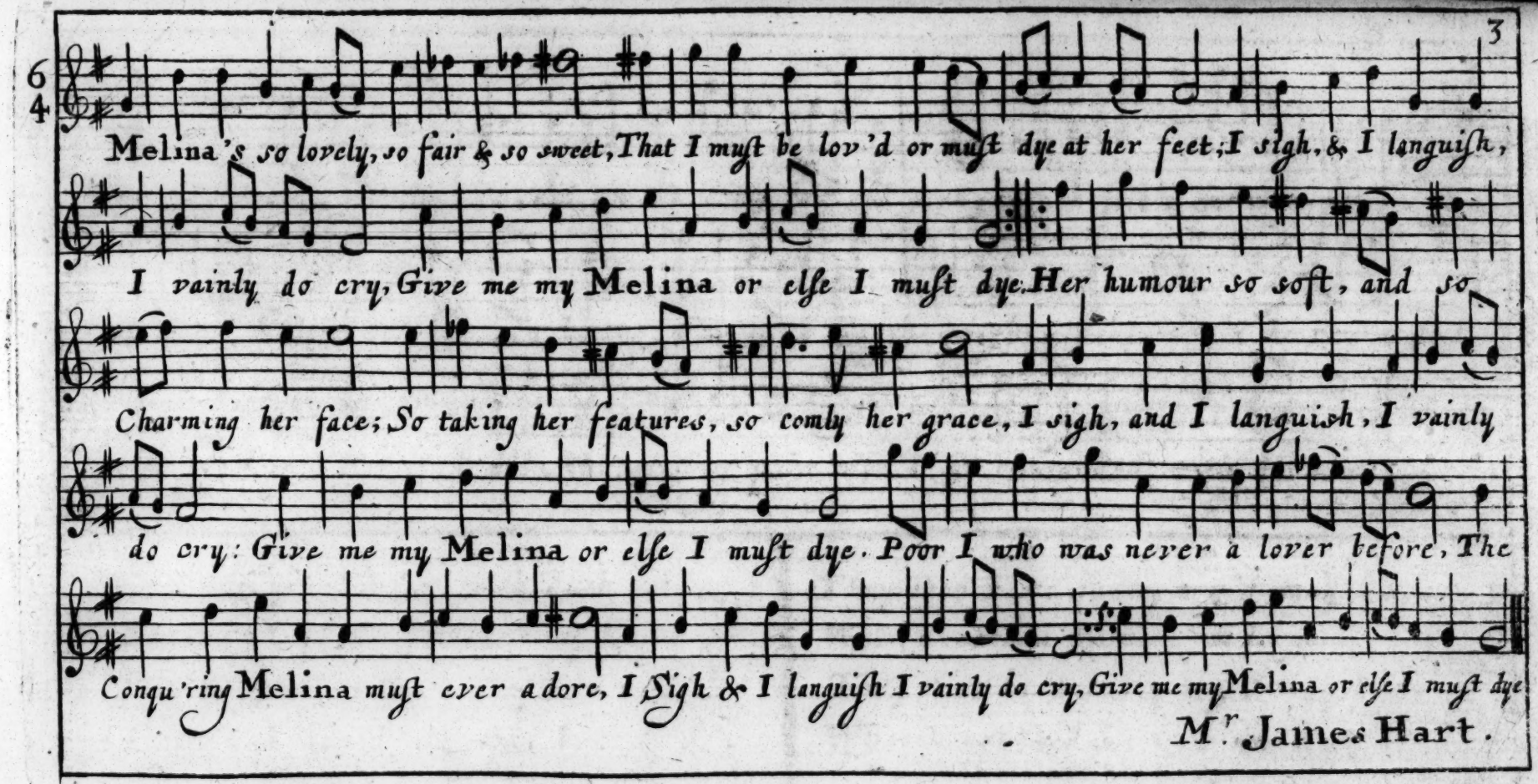

51
A Scotch tune
52
Round O.

Songs for the Flute.

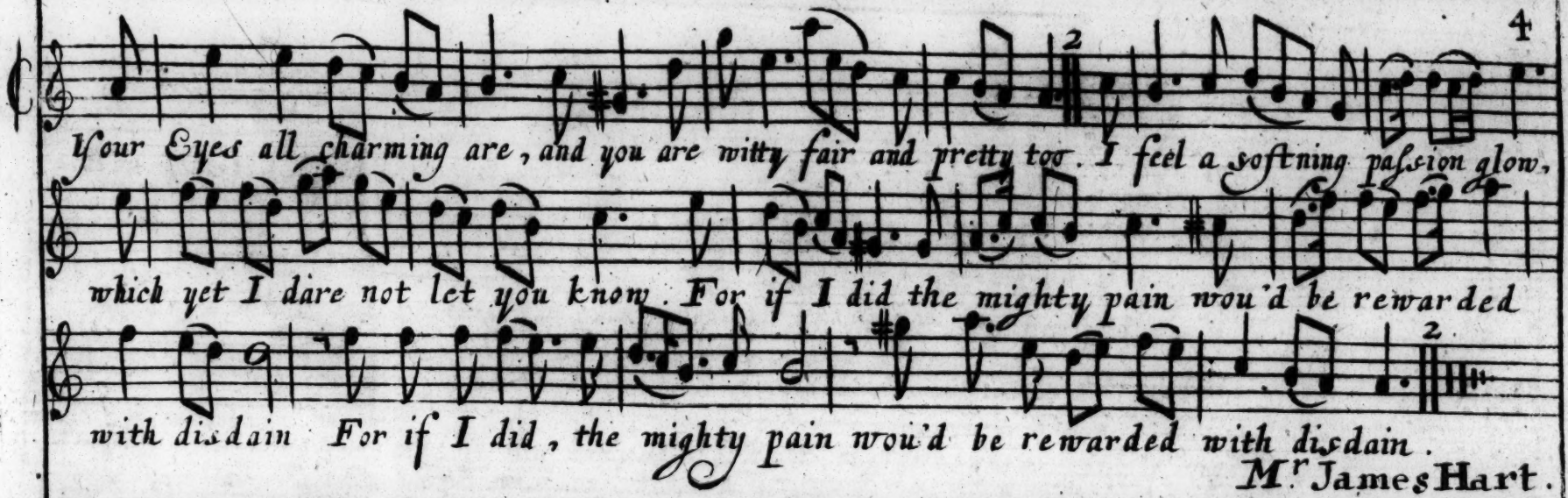



Tho wee live in an Age of thinking and trouble, forget not to drink leaſt
our Portion be double: Since the nations in blood, each Monarch a fighting,
We'l quench all our flames in a Bowl we delight in; Be ſilent and drink
and ne're quarrel a bout it, it's enough that we know we're as happy with-
out it.





M.r James Hart.

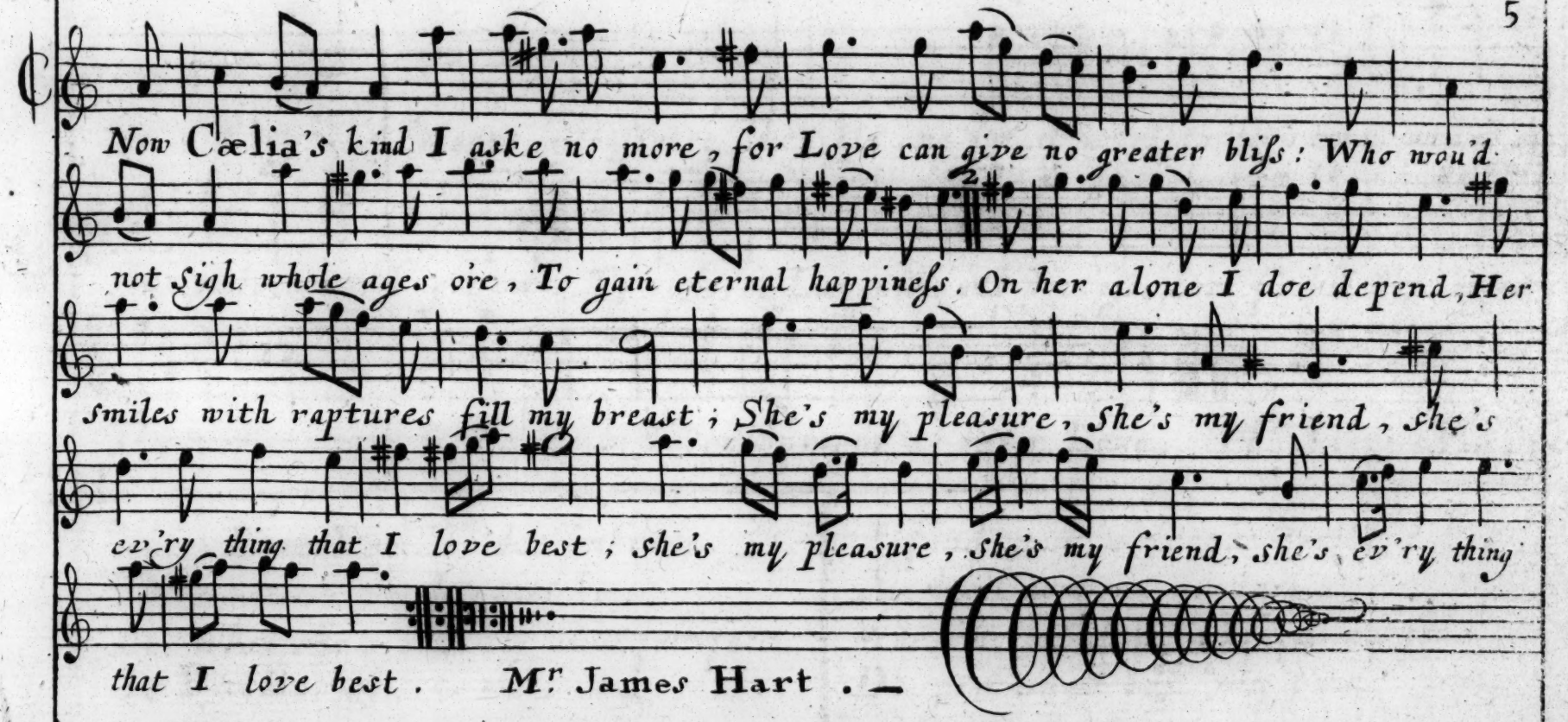


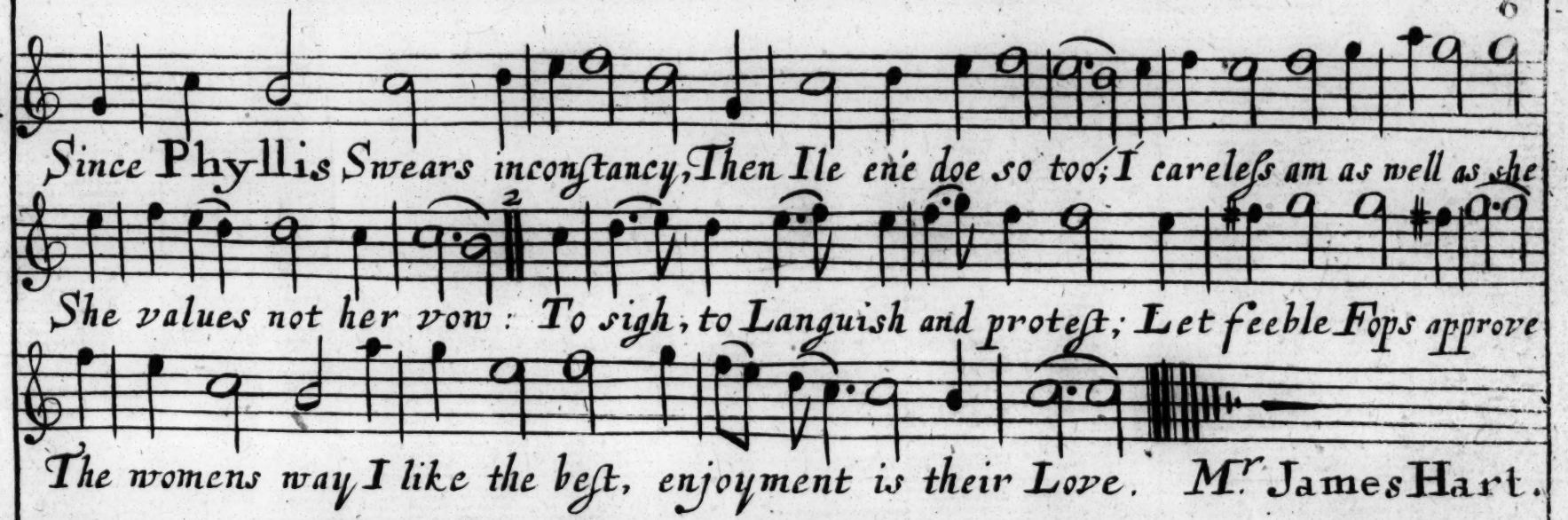
Mr. James Hart.

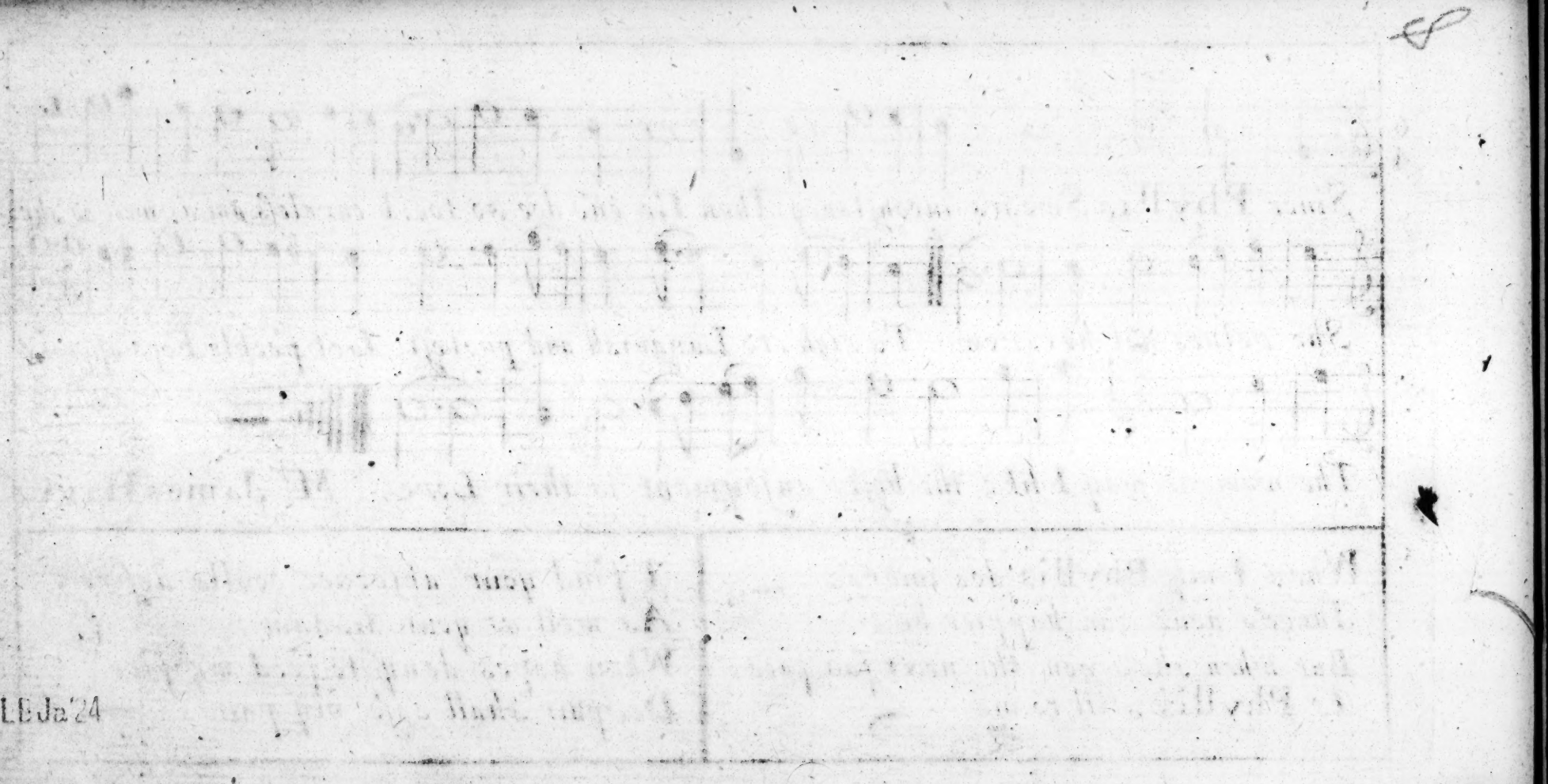
You dress your anger with such art,
The subtil frown Invades my heart;
But oh your smiles a Captive made!
I lik't I lov'd and was betray'd,

They that have sadly try'd may know,
What wretched Lovers undergoe,
They that have sadly try'd may know,
What wretched Lovers undergoe.

Mrs. Anne Morcott.


Now Cælia's kind I aske no more, for Love can give no greater bliss: Who wou'd
not sigh whole ages ore, To gain eternal happiness. On her alone I doe depend, Her
smiles with raptures fill my breast; She's my pleasure, She's my friend, she's
ev'ry thing that I love best; she's my pleasure, She's my friend, she's ev'ry thing
that I love best. Mr. James Hart.



When I my Phyllis doe imbrace, —
There's none can happier be;
But when she's gon the next fair face,
Is Phyllis still to me.

I find your absence coolls desire,
As well as your disdain,
When hopes deny to feed my fire,
Despair shall ease my pain.